The Nation.

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The Week.

Mr. Roosevelt announces that he regards the Presidential campaign as already on; and that he is going to make it "hum" from now on. Any one can see, from the loud series of explosions with which Mr. Roosevelt's racing machine starts off, that it is likely to be run under tremendous pressure. The usual excitements will appear as tame as crocheting by comparison with the earth-shattering thrills which the President has in preparation. Already he is bundling off the stage the old properties which once sufficed to make the people's eyes start from their sockets. The well-used Trust, a mere *Octopus vulgaris*, has no terrors fit to be named with those of the hobgoblins and chimæras dire with which President Roosevelt is to affright us. The monsters whom he sees gathering in the White House grounds are of a prehistoric bulk and ferocity. He notes them unwinding the scaly horrors of their tails, and hastens to apprise the public of the fearful things in store. We are in for a campaign which will make the apocalyptic visions of the Bloody-Bridles Populist seem like a midsummer night's dream. Seriously, we cannot wonder that the President's friends are disquieted at his ready acceptance of these gross inventions and his sending them out to the country as not only credible, but as the sole guide to political action. Now, if any tyro in politics should put about such a fantastic tale, experienced heads would wonder how he escaped from the nursery. In so hardened a practitioner as Mr. Roosevelt, the symptom of gullibility is really disturbing. It argues that he is so overwrought by his labors that his ordinary good judgment is not brought to bear. While he is in this high-strung state, the thing for the country to do is to be, like Marjorie Fleming, "most unusual calm."

Paul D. Cravath's argument before the Interstate Commerce Commission last Thursday in favor of the Chicago and Alton transactions was prefaced by a frank admission that times and public sentiment have changed. Since the deal had been made, he affirmed, the moral aspects of such phases of high finance receive more attention than heretofore. The same might truthfully be said of the insurance methods of a few years ago; public opinion in regard to them has also undergone a notable change. But the question remains whether the people at large would ever have condoned such practices had they known or understood them. So far as the insurance matters are concerned, we do not believe for a moment that public sentiment—and by that we do not mean Wall Street—would ever have approved the obnoxious deeds. In brief, we do not think that the moral standards of the people have undergone any alteration whatever; publicity has simply given opportunity to apply them, as was not previously possible. Mr. Cravath is correct in saying that the Alton transactions were reported when they occurred; it was not, however, until they were brought out as a whole before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the public fully realized what they meant. Gratifying as is Mr. Cravath's assurance that the corporation managers have seen the handwriting on the wall, they must not expect the public to restore them to confidence and favor until they have given proof that they will live up not only to what they call the new moral standards, but those of the future as well. By no means all of the directors and managers have sinned in ignorance, or because what they did was the custom of the Street. On the contrary, there are lawyers, as Mr. Cravath must know, who have frequently warned their clients that this or that reorganization or combination was illegal, and might even lead to the penitentiary—only to have their advice disregarded. As to the standard of the future, it requires no astrologer to read it in the stars. The Decalogue is still in existence; the standards of private morality and conduct are fixed; the relationship of public corporations to stockholders need never vary much from those of the trustee or guardian to his ward. And above all, frankness and openness will be requisite. If Mr. Cravath's clients and those like them are ready to adopt these standards for the future, the public may look with more favor upon Mr. Depew's appeals for silence in regard to the past, because it is the past.

The dinner which the New York *Staats-Zeitung* gave to Ambassador Tower Monday evening was a merited recognition of his efforts to compose a difference about tariffs, and to preserve friendly relations between his country and Germany. In one sense his task, with that of the North Commission, has been an easy one—the German Government has done everything in its power to bridge over the difficulty. As Mr. Tower explained, Germany has recently made reciprocity treaties with seven of the leading European countries; her people cannot understand why the United States does not jump at the chance to conclude a similar agreement with her. Thus far a tariff war has been averted only by what may be termed the unusual international courtesy of the Imperial authorities in passing, in February, 1906, a law extending until June 30, 1907, the conventional German tariff rates. In view of the Ambassador's expressions at the dinner, it is obvious that some further agreement has been reached which will permit of the continuance of the present status. But this again is merely a stop-gap. Thus far, as Mr. Tower testified, the Kaiser and his advisers have approached every matter relating to the United States in a most conciliatory spirit. They seem to have understood the difficult position in which the State Department finds itself in endeavoring to do what our importers and exporters wish in the face of a supremely indifferent Congress. It would be hard to find a better illustration of the selfishness and indifference of protection. There is no other cause of difference between the two countries. In literature, music, and art there is the freest of trade—even to the exchange of professors. The groundless fears of German interference in South America, the equally absurd allegations of a German desire to take over the Philippines, have disappeared as rapidly as the stuff that dreams are made of. It therefore behooves every friend of peace and of progress to bring pressure to bear towards the solution of the problem upon which Mr. Tower and Mr. North have been working. Serious friction between the United States and the German Empire is inevitable if our Aldriches and Cannons are to continue to direct our tariff policy.

Secretary Cortelyou's plan to convert $50,000,000 of the maturing United States 4 per cent. bonds into 2 per cent., instead of paying them off, has in reality a double reason. The amount which would be involved in cash redemption is very large, and the retirement of so many United States bonds would inevitably contract the bank-note circulation, for which such bonds are a required security. In all, nearly $112,000,000 of these 4 per cents are due for redemption July 1, and of these some $27,400,000 are pledged against bank circulation. The redemption of the "fours of 1907" will remove the last of the specie resumption issues. Part of this loan was issued by Secretary Sherman, between 1877 and 1879, under authority of the Specie Resumption act of 1875, which empowered the Treasury to sell such bonds for the purpose of redeeming the outstanding legal tender notes. Although this maturing loan is the last of the "resumption issues," it is not the

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last of the 4 per cents. There will still remain, subject to redemption in 1925, some $118,000,000 of the 4 per cent. loans made to repair the Government's gold reserve in the troubled days of 1895 and 1896. Conversion of these $50,000,000 maturing 4 per cent. bonds into 2 per cents is apparently strong testimony to our national credit. Great Britain's 2½ per cent. consols have lately fallen below 85, French Government 3 per cents are selling at 94⅞, and New York city finds it difficult to float a 4 per cent. loan, except at a discount; yet the United States Government gets par for its 2 per cents. But there is an artificial cause at work. Bank circulation must be secured by United States bonds, and note issues have in the past ten years increased $370,000,000. Until Secretary Shaw relaxed the law in regard to government deposits in bank, and the Aldrich act of last month in clumsy fashion legalized that action, government deposits had to be secured by pledge of United States bonds; and the amount of such deposits has risen $140,000,000 in the decade. It is this artificial market for the bonds which holds them at an unreal valuation.

Charles M. Schwab's emphatic declaration that the Bethlehem Steel Corporation is going out of the business of building ships for the Government, was undoubtedly a surprise to the public. At the annual meeting of his company last week he declared:

> I never knew any one to make money out of battleship construction. We have conclusive evidence of this, for we have charged off altogether a $3,000,000 loss from the shipbuilding companies. In the construction of the three ships now building at the Union Iron Works we have in the past year charged off $1,725,000.

This San Francisco loss was in part due to the earthquake, and in part to changed conditions in the trade, the contracts having been taken five years ago, when both materials and wages were cheaper. But the real reason for the loss on warship contracts, Mr. Schwab declares to be "the succession of unreasonable delays caused by governmental red-tape. On account of the delays caused by inspections, changes in specifications, and so on, the progress of government work is slow and costly. I have sometimes thought that it was possible to turn out more tonnage in steel for a private customer in a month than can be turned out under present methods for the government in fifteen years." Mr. Schwab's statement, as every one familiar with Governmental methods knows, is hardly too strong. It does take about five years to complete a contract for a battleship, whereas in England a Dreadnought may be afloat and in service within two years. Our shipyards are not lacking in efficiency or enterprise; the trouble is chiefly that our Navy Department, generally behind the times in its designs, endeavors to modernize them while the ships are well under way. The naval architect, Joseph R. Oldham, has recently in *Cassier's Magazine* told of a case in which it took our Navy Department nine months to make an approved working drawing, out of a plan which embraced not one-fiftieth of the length of the hull, and but one element of the construction of one deck.

One of the moderate results which William T. Stead hopes to see attained in the approaching Hague Conference is a general agreement among the signatory Powers to abstain from "piratical" warfare, by allowing a period of thirty days to elapse between the rupture of diplomatic relations and the beginning of hostilities. There are Frenchmen, we are told, who pick up their papers in the morning expecting to read of the advance of a German army on Paris, and there are Germans who dread the sudden appearance, like Aphrodite rising from the waves, of a British fleet at Kiel. Under the new rule there would be no ground for such fears of sudden war and devastation. Yet it is hard to see what benefit to the cause of peace would come from an attempt to apply to war the etiquette of the duel, with which Mr. Stead contrasts the Western barroom method of getting the drop on your man. If Russia accuses Japan of "uncivilized" conduct in attacking without a declaration of war, the latter might retort that acute negotiations extending over more than a half-year should have been sufficient warning to any Power that was not completely befuddled as to the seriousness of the game it was playing. So France need scarcely fear an overnight invasion by Germany, or Germany by England. The press in each country would be sure to give warning weeks before, as in the Morocco crisis of 1905. On the other hand, what Mr. Stead said at Plymouth Church Sunday concerning the rôle that this country is bound to play in the propagation of the gospel of peace, because of the fact that we are "the most international of people," is as sound as it is agreeable. The fact that we have among us representatives of all the European nations, domiciled as citizens, yet bound to their trans-Atlantic origins by ties of varying intensity, gives us a legitimate interest and influence in European matters. Mr. Stead proposed a peace pilgrimage of Americans to the various European capitals before the assembling of the Hague Conference. Getting to know people removes misunderstandings and promotes friendship. Yet such a process of rubbing up against each other is, as the speaker pointed out, already in progress on a vast scale in this country.

The decision of the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, not to grant retiring allowances to professors in State institutions, will surprise no one. Mr. Carnegie has given but little to State universities. As he has more than once declared, he believes that gifts from him or from other outsiders may tend to weaken the interests of the people of a State in their own university and lessen their sense of responsibility for its maintenance and development. The Executive Committee of the National Association of the State Universities has presented a strong argument for these pensions. The committee points out that the salaries in State universities "do not vary essentially from those in other institutions" which share the benefits of the Foundation; that the State universities, like private institutions, "have grown by the struggles and self-sacrifice of individuals," who "in their old age find themselves unable to call upon any corporation or individual for assistance"; and that without the Carnegie pensions the "State universities will certainly be at a great disadvantage." President Henry S. Pritchett of the Foundation replies that the Western State Universities are now receiving generous support. The total income of Michigan, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas, California, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Colorado was $1,689,200 in 1896; it was $4,577,700 in 1906. The teachers of State universities, he admits, have, "as teachers, quite as good a claim to a retiring allowance system as have any other teachers." The policy of pensioning is also as desirable in State universities as elsewhere; but "retiring allowances, when established in State institutions, should be established by the States themselves as a part of the legitimate expenses of higher education." President Pritchett, like Mr. Carnegie, fears that the intervention of a private agency may "greatly weaken the sense of responsibility of the States for educational support." The experiment, then, of withholding the Carnegie pensions from State institutions is to be fairly tried. The people of most Western States, we think, take great pride in their universities, and will not see them outstripped by private institutions. If the private college, by means of the retiring allowance, begins to attract the stronger members of the faculty, the State is likely to offer a similar inducement. If this, however, is not the effect, the Carnegie Foundation can change its policy to suit conditions. In the meantime, however, individuals of the faculty must continue their sacrifices.

If a brave heart and firm determination were the only requisites, the announcement that Peary is again to go to the Arctic would mean that the North

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Pole is as good as discovered. Unfortunately, the unforeseen and unforeseeable are to be reckoned with in 1908 as in 1906. On his last trip Peary would have reached the Pole if he could have carried enough provisions with him. All his arrangements were sufficient for an ordinary Arctic summer, but the exceptional season frustrated his plans. Each expedition, however, renders him better able to face the problems of the Far North, and this fact has undoubtedly aided him in getting together the $200,000 needed for this, his sixth expedition. One great change has certainly come over Arctic exploration in recent years. The dangers have been largely diminished by reason of greater care and knowledge. Time was when the departure of an expedition meant the certain end of the ship and of at least some lives. The loss of the Polaris, the Jeannette, and the Rodgers, in quick succession, and the disastrous Greely expedition, all tended to fix the impression in the public mind that exploration of this kind was about the most foolhardy undertaking on the globe. Now big ships and little go to the Arctic or Antarctic—Amundsen sails in a cockleshell clear across the American hemisphere—with far greater ease and safety than the early explorers crossed the western ocean. This changed feeling is, however, not true of those who would balloon to the Pole. The world at large would take much greater stock in these ventures if there were first trial trips, say, from New York to Chicago or in some colder climate.

Britain's undeniable instinct for recognizing the inevitable in political evolution and yielding wisely because in time, would seem to be on the point of finding its latest illustration in Egypt. There the demand for greater powers of self-government will not down; and minimize as the Conservative English press will this Nationalist movement, we must be not unprepared for a sudden about face on Egyptian affairs similar in kind, though not, of course, in degree, to that exhibited by leading British Unionist journals the moment self-government became a fact in the Transvaal. Certainly, it is of great significance that Lord Cromer in his latest annual report should have come out for a modified system of home rule and a policy of placing a greater number of public offices in the hands of natives. At present the Khedive, as nominal ruler, is assisted by a Legislative Council of thirty members, of whom fourteen are nominated, and a General Assembly, comprising the Legislative Council plus the six Ministers and forty-six elected members. The General Assembly "has no legislative functions, but no new direct or personal tax can be imposed without its consent." When we are told that Lord Cromer's proposals call for a legislative council composed of twenty nominated and sixteen elected members, the concession to national desires will be not in the mode of its selection, but in the fact that it will possess "full power to deal with Egyptian affairs, subject to the veto of the British and Egyptian Governments." The great argument against home rule for Egypt has been the "demonstrated" incapacity of Orientals for self-government. Against this conception the Khedive recently protested in a remarkable interview with a correspondent of the Paris *Temps*. He dwelt upon the "prodigious facility wherewith it [Egypt] assimilates itself to European culture," its advance in agriculture and the mechanical arts, and its general economic progress. "It is now time," he said, "to devote all our efforts not only towards the material welfare of the population, but toward the satisfaction of their intellectual and moral requirements."

Mr. Birrell has been long enough Chief Secretary for Ireland to have had very interesting experiences. Primarily he has, as he expresses it, found himself, what he never was before, in angry controversy with himself as Chief Secretary and head of various departments. Ireland has already, he declares, made him a victim to its charm, and he maintains that the day has gone by when England can take it upon herself "to treat Ireland as a naughty child, on the principle of 'Go and see what she is doing and tell her not to do it.'" But though he is able to joke about his beliefs and findings with that exquisite humor which has resulted in his being dubbed the wittiest of Ministers, he has found much of pathos in his work, as Mr. Bryce did before him. Take, for instance, the educational situation. There is a highly centralized system, imposed by England, with a central board at Dublin controlling the school finances, but without any local authority to contribute to its expenses, and itself not amenable to any responsible person. For this Mr. Birrell sees no foreign remedy; Ireland must cure her own evils in this respect. But the schoolhouses he found in such a scandalous condition that he was "almost willing to throw aside all the principles he ever professed if he could only get cash down." As a first step forward he has obtained from the Treasury the sum of $200,000 a year for three years to begin rebuilding. But the smallness of the teachers' salaries and their scant opportunities for promotion are even more discouraging; and to these evils Mr. Birrell is also devoting his attention. Finally, on the question of the Irish language he concedes the entire right of Ireland to ask for its teaching in her schools.

The declaration of the Congress of French Independent Socialists against the employment of the general strike as a political weapon is symptomatic of a difference of opinion which exists within Socialist ranks in all European countries. The theory of the general strike is of recent growth; it rose to sudden prominence about four years ago; triumphed signally in Russia, where the manifesto of October 30, 1905, was directly won by the great national three-days' strike, and in Austria, where the imminence of a general cessation of labor wrested the grant of universal suffrage from the Government; but has since declined as suddenly as it rose. In Germany, Bebel fought the movement for a general strike at a time when the majority of German workmen, it is said, were eager to join issue with the Government under the spell of enthusiasm engendered by affairs in Russia. Bebel saw that the general strike was a dangerous weapon to play with. Successful as it might be in a cause that enlisted the sympathy of an overwhelming majority, as the case was in Russia and Austria, the situation was different in Germany, with a firm Imperial hand on the helm. There a general strike was sure to lead to civil war, and the Socialist leader hesitated. Moreover, a general strike, to stand any chance of success, involved a terrific strain that was sure to be followed by a corresponding reaction. This was exemplified in Russia, where a second general strike, proclaimed in November, 1905, proved a disastrous failure.

Chancellor von Bülow's recent declaration about himself, "this has been an Agrarian Chancellor," has only served to arouse the indignation of the Liberals, whose support he has sought to obtain. The Radicals, in particular, are recalling that Liberalism has had no dearer enemy than the Agrarians, whom they have opposed not merely on economic grounds, but because they wished to war against feudalism in a modern state and the exploitation of labor in the interest of the landlords. In short, the Liberal campaign against special privilege has been waged as persistently as anywhere in Europe. When one considers, too, that the Agrarian policy has meant the continued domination of the Prussian *Junker*, the creating of artificial prices, and the taxation of even the most necessary articles of food, one can but wonder at the Chancellor's readiness to identify himself with it. No one can assert that this action smacks of statesmanship, or even of the shrewdness of the time-serving politician, however courageous and frank it may be. On the other hand, all that the Chancellor has to offer the Liberals is a slight reform of the Stock Exchange.

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THE REAL CONSPIRACY.

President Roosevelt is much disturbed by the machinations of the corporations. For some time he has seen in every effort to check or thwart him the cunning hand of capital. His troubles at Panama have been due to the plots of the railways; the criticism of his course in regard to the negro soldiers at Brownsville is, he is confident, inspired by the Trusts. Last week Wednesday he capped the climax by telling the assembled newspaper correspondents that there was a widespread conspiracy against him and his beneficent policies. Harriman and Rockefeller have struck hands with Hearst in an effort to control the next Republican and Democratic National Conventions, to the end that a reactionary, some man hostile to President Roosevelt's theory of regulating great corporations, may succeed him and undo his good work. His words recall that familiar hymn:

> Christian! dost thou see them
> On the holy ground,
> How the troops of Midian
> Prowl and prowl around?

And the President echoed the triumphant chorus, "Christian! up and smite them!" From this time forth he would give these enemies of righteousness no quarter. "My spear," he said, "knows no brother."

The fury of President Roosevelt presents puzzling features. Provoked by a report, afterward contradicted, that E. H. Harriman had asserted that whenever he wanted legislation from a State Legislature he could buy it; that he "could buy Congress," and that if necessary he "could buy the judiciary," Mr. Roosevelt denounced Harriman in the roundest terms for "cynicism and deep-seated corruption." Moreover, "the man uttering such sentiments and boasting, no matter how falsely, of this power to perform such crimes," was "at least as undesirable a citizen as Debs or Moyer or Haywood." The President was "horrified, as was Root." That horror we share to the full; but we cannot understand the suddenness of the President's moral awakening, or, for that matter, of Secretary Root's. Both of them have been Republican leaders for more than two decades. By this time they should have learned what the Republican party is and what its cardinal doctrine of protection implies. The Republican victories in Presidential elections, in Congressional elections, and often in State elections, have for years been due to the fact that "wealthy corruptionists"—to use President Roosevelt's own phrase—"could buy Congress." They could and did buy Congress. They paid the money to the treasurers of Republican campaign funds and got in return the tariffs on steel, wool, and a thousand other commodities. The transaction was not secret; it was open and shameless. Long before the late Senator Hanna became a power in the party, the Republican leaders had "fried the fat" out of those manufacturers who benefited by the tariff. This system of fat-frying Senator Hanna developed and perfected; and as a result Theodore Roosevelt became Vice-President of the United States.

In the campaign of 1904 the fat was again fried with energy and success by Mr. Cortelyou and Cornelius N. Bliss; and, according to Harriman's tale, he himself was fried to the tune of $50,000. The President, however, avers that a gift from the Tobacco Trust was refused because the Government was suing the company; and that at any rate no contributions could alter his policies one jot. This scrupulosity we cannot praise too warmly. Yet we wonder what reason he and his counsellors offer for the thousands of dollars paid to Mr. Cortelyou and Bliss in 1904, by corporations and wealthy corruptionists. Was it uncontrollable admiration of Theodore Roosevelt that loosened these tight pocket-strings? If so, what has changed this frantic love into hatred? No grown man needs to be told that the money was contributed for the election of Mr. Roosevelt under an obligation expressed or implied. Senator Thomas C. Platt, whose specialty is not resounding professions of virtue, frankly admitted that when he accepted $10,000 from each of the three big insurance companies he was morally bound to protect their interests. And when the Republican committees accepted $50,000 from Harriman and similar sums from other wealthy corruptionists, the Republicans gave a spoken or tacit pledge to make an adequate return. Otherwise, the transaction cannot be rationally explained. What is more, the Republicans fulfilled at least part of the bargain. They have not touched the tariff. The beneficiaries of the iniquitous Dingley law passed their money across the counter, and President Roosevelt, Senator Aldrich, and Speaker Cannon delivered the goods.

Now as to Mr. Roosevelt's fear that he may be succeeded by some one less hostile to corruptionists, some one, for example, who would find it "a real pleasure" to see Mr. Harriman, we hazard a prediction: the fear is groundless. In the last two or three years many events have combined to inspire the rank and file of our voters with a wholesome dread of the influence of corporations in politics; and among these events none is more significant than the publication of the letters of Harriman and Roosevelt. This has been a sickening revelation. We do not refer to Harriman's alleged boast that he could buy State Legislatures and Congress. That view, as we have already noted, he and his kind have always held. The shocking thing is to find the people's idol, the clean, the high-minded Roosevelt, our loudest preacher of private and public chastity, begging this corrupt Harriman to come to the White House, imploring him to help out in the New York State campaign. If Roosevelt will stoop to this, we may well be alarmed by the effect of money and corporations on men of softer ethical fibre, our political molly-coddles.

We believe, however, that people have made up their minds to some radical changes. Our citizens have done their best to remove from the reach of greedy politicians the huge surpluses of insurance companies. Various Legislatures are preparing more drastic rules for publicity and honest management of all public-service corporations. Across this dial the shadow will not move backward. The next step should be to attack the very citadel of our political corruption—the protective tariff. So long as it remains what it is, the tone of public life will be sordid; and Congress and Legislatures, judges and Presidents, will be bought and sold like stocks on the Exchange.

FREAK LEGISLATION.

The English press has apparently taken too seriously the proposal of a New Jersey legislator to have a license tax levied upon human whiskers. Even the humorous comments are of the kind that are made by the irreverent on sober projects, not those which merely sustain and enforce what was a joke in the first place. This is not a unique instance. Correspondents of English and Continental newspapers are continually cabling bits of news of the same kind about the work of our Legislatures. A rural legislator in Arkansas introduces some preposterous bill. It is the only feature of what may have been a serious and profitable session that gets the slightest mention abroad. No wonder that European leader-writers comment gravely on the fantastic laws which the light-minded Americans propose to enact. Yet the gibes of our friends across the water have point in this respect. Many "freak bills" are introduced every year by Senators and Assemblymen who have been honored with the confidence of their constituencies and have solemnly sworn to preserve the institutions of their commonwealths. Why, then, should any legislator deliberately propose something which only creates amusement at the expense of himself, his State, and even, as in the case of the whiskers bill, his country?

It is a question for the psychologist quite as much as the publicist. The first reason is that some men's minds work freakishly. The crotchets and mental twists that are reflected here are no different from those we find among our neighbors in private life. What shocks and surprises is their appearance in

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high places and under such dignified auspices.

Another thing to be remembered is that in the legislator familiarity has bred contempt for the mere formalities of law-making. To him, "be it enacted" is a natural and flexible means of expression. Suppose an idea, noble, whimsical, or satirical, comes into his mind. If he were a poet he would embody it in verse, if an artist in a cartoon, if a journalist in a paragraph. But, being merely the gentleman from the Eleventh, he gives the same idea substance in the form of a printed and numbered bill. Perhaps he is even encouraged by the fact that he will get his name into the newspapers and the benefit of free advertising. He may also secure repute as a humorist. It is an old and effective Parliamentary device to defeat a bill by loading it with ridiculous amendments, as when the bill establishing the whipping post for wife-beaters in the District of Columbia was made to carry an appropriation for a thumb-screw and a ducking-stool. The same principle is carried a little farther by the drafting of bills for, so to speak, rhetorical purposes. But, looked at in one way, this is no more a profanation of a sacred place than when in Rome the statue of Mars was used as a bill-board for the first pasquinades.

Because a bill, *per se*, is not so grave a matter to one who lives among bills as to an outsider, legislators have a pleasant way of introducing other people's bills as a personal favor. In Congress they add the line "(by request)" as a disclaimer of responsibility. There is no cause so crazy that its advocates cannot point to some House or Senate bill which embodies their ideas. Sometimes, critics or opponents try to call to account the introducer himself. Several years ago, for instance, a Brooklyn Congressman got into endless trouble through a long bill, embodying a complete reorganization of every branch of the government and the creation of dozens of new departments, like "Public Fluids" and "Public Amusements." He had introduced it unread, to oblige an ultra-radical acquaintance, yet on the stump he had to reply to countless insinuations about his own sanity, based upon the visionary measure.

The freak bill is often the expression of a widely held belief. Thus thousands of citizens may personally abominate whiskers, without becoming supporters of the New Jersey regulation bill. They may desire all their friends to marry, without advocating such a bill as came before the Missouri Legislature this very winter, to tax all bachelors between twenty-one and sixty one-tenth of their earnings. We cannot, in fact, read a catalogue of measures called by the opprobrious term without realizing how many of them embody what we ourselves might like to see enforced. "A man ought to go to jail for that," we say at some petty annoyance. "There ought to be a law" against this, that, and the other thing. Well, the freak legislator has the courage of such convictions. A few years ago in Minnesota he was attacking the false measure and the deceptive strawberry box by seeking to have all fruits and vegetables sold by the pound. In Utah he was proposing a penal statute requiring house-cleanings. This year he is in Iowa trying to have every marketable egg stamped with the date when it was laid. He is in Missouri trying to prohibit "treating" by a bill so drastic that, as it is pointed out, "a young man could not buy his sweetheart ice cream" if it became law. In Minnesota he would make it a misdemeanor for a farmer not to practise rotation of crops. These are good objects, but it is the consensus of opinion that it is better not to make a crime of everything in which we do not believe.

From these we pass to a class of bills which really have nothing funny about them, but sound as if they had. Many inspection bills are of this class. When a member drew a bill to give the State of Illinois a "beer inspector," there was a howl of amusement all over the State. The real beer inspector would presumably be a lean old chemist; but he was pictured as a rotund inebriate, disciplined for neglect of duty whenever discovered sober at his office. A bee inspection bill in Missouri was ridiculed, though it meant much to the honey producers; and the bill creating the office of State Entomologist was laughed to death merely by christening it the "bug bill." Bills against the carrying of concealed weapons are supported by the best people in the South, but they sound humorous because they are locally called "pistol-toting" bills. Not long ago it was thought a great joke that the Canadian Parliament was asked to legislate for the protection of whales. This was a measure of import to two great industries, yet people simply refused to take a whale seriously.

The freak bill, after all, is both harmless and well-intentioned. Paradoxically, it is the legislative "joker" which makes the serious trouble.

THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

That the gathering of the Colonial Premiers in London will mean much for English politics, as well as for the larger interests of the Empire, evidence is accumulating to show. The question of trade preference is thrust forward by the *Standard*, which declares that, if the Conference as a whole declines to discuss the matter seriously, the delegates from the Colonies will flock by themselves to decide upon a programme. This, of course, is conceived of as a shrewd move in behalf of the Conservative party. Yet Balfour was in power at the time of the Conference of 1902, but could do nothing to promote preferential trading within the Empire. Chamberlain's scheme of food-taxes was afterwards offered as a basis for such trading, but was so decisively voted down in the last general election as to make any bargaining on those terms wholly impossible to-day. This even Lord Milner admits, though he calls it "a disastrous accident of party warfare" which has brought about that state of affairs.

One of the ablest and most powerful of the Colonial Premiers has shown, in advance, that the Conference cannot be expected to do anything practically to further preferential trade relations within the Empire. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the last speech which he made in the Canadian House of Commons, before sailing for England, put the case in a way that really leaves nothing more to be said. He stated frankly that he would like to see "a universal system of free trade between all the parts that compose the British Empire." But that is impossible at the present time. "It suits us in this country," said Sir Wilfrid, "to be tinged with protection more than perhaps I should like to have us tinged. It does not suit the British people to be tinged the same way." Colonial governments are compelled to raise revenue by means of tariffs. Yet they had made an offer of preferential trade, and were ready to go further if the British Government were prepared to reciprocate. But "this policy has not met with favor in Great Britain," the Canadian Premier said. He added:

> Well, we would not accept the idea that the British public should force upon us their own fiscal views, and no more would they tolerate the idea that we should force upon them our fiscal views, and therefore the only way in which the British Empire can be maintained upon its present foundation is by allowing every nation composing it the measure of liberty that it has, and also a free choice of the fiscal policy which it is to maintain.

After that, we need nothing more to show how absurd is the *Standard's* notion of the Colonial Premiers going outside the Conference to force the hand of Campbell-Bannerman. The trade question will, no doubt, be largely debated. Winston Churchill has said that it will be "most freely open to the Colonial Premiers to put their case with all the force of argument they can command." Yet everybody understands that the verdict of the English electorate last year must stand as a fixed fact, to be accepted by all members of the Conference. There cannot now be a tax on wheat or beef or mutton, with an exemption for the Colonies, in return for their lowering of duties on British goods; and without such a tax the proposals of the Australians and Canadians necessarily fall to the ground. It has, indeed, been sug-

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gested that something could be done, not by levying new taxes, but by reducing old ones. Tea and coffee, sugar, dried fruits, cocoa, tobacco, and wines all pay duty in England now, and all are produced within the British Empire. Hence it has been proposed that colonial preference might be given by lowering the rates on those imports. But that would be, in the first place, a serious impairment of the British revenue, and would, besides, affect so small a part of colonial exports as to be a concession which would scarcely seem worth while. It is, therefore, the settled belief of all concerned that the Conference of 1907 will have no better success than that of 1902 in taking practical steps to promote preferential trade within the Empire.

There are, however, other important topics to be brought before the Conference. One of them is Imperial defence. In this matter, the demand is made, not by the Colonies, but upon them. Why should they not contribute to the military expense involved in the undertaking by Great Britain to defend them with her navy? But here, again, the Imperialists run against great obstacles. The Colonies have but little money to spend on armaments, and that little they desire to retain within their own control. They sent troops to South Africa during the Boer war. But even in the act of dispatching them, the Premier of Canada said he hoped that they would help win "a victory which would take away from the Dutch population none of the rights which they enjoyed to-day," and would display the British Empire as "deriving its strength from the most complete local autonomy." It is upon this rock of colonial pride and self-sufficiency that all the schemes of unified control of the military resources of the entire Empire have hitherto broken, and bid fair to break. Lord Milner, himself, very high priest of Imperialism that he is, admits in his *National Review* article that this is a matter which cannot be driven. The "true principle," he writes, is to "encourage the Colonies to develop their own forces," so as to cooperate with the power of the Empire, and with each other.

If the outlook for tariffs and armaments is thus poor, more may be done with the proposal for an Imperial Council. Even this, in its extreme form, would be offensive to the Colonies. When the Tory Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lyttelton, formulated in 1905 a plan for such a Council, the comment of the Canadian Government was that it would "interfere with the workings of responsible government." Nothing overbearing or arbitrary would be tolerated by the Colonies, we may rest assured. Yet there is room for some sort of body visibly representing Imperial unity. Call it Imperial Council, or call it Colonial Intelligence Department, it might easily serve a useful function in diffusing information and strengthening confidence. The smaller its power to command, the greater might be the effect of its suggestions and advice. Along this line, in fact, the Conference will be likely to reach its most important results. It will be the first one held under Liberal auspices. The Liberal colonial policy has been reproached as favoring a "loose confederation," instead of a well-knit Empire; but it may well be that the Ministry of Campbell-Bannerman, by insisting upon Imperial unity arrived at through local freedom, with diversity, may really do more to bind the Empire together than all the proud plans of the Conservatives, gone wrong.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS LEARNED.

Three instructors in English at Harvard, C. N. Greenough, F. W. C. Hersey, and C. R. Nutter, fortified by "several years' experience in reading English entrance examination books," have prepared a "Report on the Examinations in English for Admission to Harvard College." Their purpose is to point out the most frequent errors, with the hope that both teachers and pupils may lay the lesson to heart. The pamphlet, issued by the Publication Office at the price of 15 cents, contains much that should interest not merely educators, but parents and all other students of the adolescent mind.

The Harvard Catalogue contains the distinct warning that "no candidate will be accepted in English whose work is seriously faulty in spelling, grammar, punctuation, or division into paragraphs." Yet singular verbs with plural subjects, pronouns gone astray, and even sentences without any verbs at all are extremely common. Here are a few from many gems:

Then follows various scenes.

Addison wrote a description of his travels which were freely criticised.

Even an uneducated person without reading any comments but just depending on the play as they read it would brand both as the highest type of gentlemen.

The child who just able to creep was attracted by the fire within whose glow reflected on the snow through the open door.

Macbeth's bravery is seen in the way he defeated the Danes. And again when we hear Duncan compare Macbeth to Bellona's bridegroom. Then too in the respect which the other characters hold him.

The boys who wrote these sentences obviously knew nothing about grammar. The high-school teacher, according to the authors of the pamphlet, feels that he should take instruction on this subject for granted; but if he "does not spend a considerable part of the first year in reviewing, supplementing, and enforcing the instruction already given in the grammar schools," he "may be sure that much of his more advanced instruction will be misspent." From this fact the Harvard instructors draw no inference—at least for publication; but if their generalization is sound—and it is confirmed by our own observation—the teaching of grammar is badly done in a vast number of schools. Some of our experts in pedagogy have discarded as too hard and dry the rigorous old drill in parsing by which children learned at least that a sentence *must* contain a subject and a predicate. We have substituted various fancy and easy "language lessons," "exercises in diagramming," and what not. As a result, school work is more entertaining; but in grammar, children come out complete ignoramuses. A reaction against the modern method has set in, and it will, we trust, spread.

Spelling is another weak point; but apparently our golden lads and girls do not find their chief difficulty with the words which bother Mr. Carnegie and his advisers. Out of a list of 120 words often misspelled by candidates for Harvard, not half-a-dozen have been simplified by the Spelling Board. Below are some of the words which have been starred as particularly troublesome:

cheif	independant	predjudice
decission	*infinate*	privelage
differant	insistant	proffession
discribe	interlectual	recieve
dissapeared	lead (for led)	rythum
dissapoint	litterary	sentance
exagerate	noticable	seperate
finaly	phamplet	supprise
godess	posess	villian
grammer		

An examination of these words makes it clear that pupils need severer training, both of eye and ear. People misspell because they do not know exactly what a word looks like or how it sounds. Written exercises tend to correct one form of error; oral, the other. Mr. Greenough and his collaborators urge that when children read aloud teachers "must insist that pupils give to each syllable its proper value." This is excellent advice, but if Henry James's censure of slovenly pronunciation, even among educated persons, be justified, the ideal is at present unattainable.

The pamphlet contains many amusing instances of sentences, paragraphs, and whole compositions that violate every conceivable principle of rhetorical construction. Unity, mass, and coherence die the death in each line. The mistakes on which we have dwelt hitherto are not such as to provoke despair, but for the boys who wrote as follows we cannot entertain much hope:

Godfrey Cass was called away from a nice time where his loved Nancy was together with the doctor by Silas Marner who had found Godfrey's daughter in his home instead of his gold.

In the causes that Shylock gives for hating Antonio, just before lending the money if all he said was true, some of the things that Antonio did was not quite like a gentleman, although he may have been provoked to such an extent that no human being could have contained himself.

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These examples indicate, we fear, something like a "brainstorm"; they are not merely clumsy writing, they are confused thinking. Mr. Greenough speaks of a candidate who "wrote each sentence without knowing the direction which the next one was to take." The words in the sentences just quoted are put down in the same higgledy-piggledy fashion. There is no beginning, middle, or end. Mr. Greenough would secure "logical coördination" by means of "careful prevision." This is sound counsel; but we wish he would go further and tell us how to persuade some boys of our acquaintance to previse their work at all, to say nothing of doing it carefully.

These faults of grammar, spelling, and rhetoric are often accompanied by a staggering inaccuracy as to facts. The drudgery of reading examination papers should be much relieved by such purple patches as these.

Gareth was the youngest son of King Lot and Queen Belladonna.

Pope as a dramatist in his *Cato* is not as good as Marvell in *Dr. Faustus*.

I like Shakespeare very well, and have read most of his Waverley Novels.

Addison's first work was a poem in which he compared Wellington to the Gaurdian Angle, because of his ode on the Battle of Blenheim.

We should like to reprint in full the account of Addison's student days at Harvard College, but we must pass on to a masterpiece of inconsequence on Addison's life "up to the time when he began to write the *Spectator*":

In Addeson's early life he was a great scholar, and wrote Latin poetry. He was a very smart man, but was easily embarrassed. He was a whig. Being a very able man, the Whig party when they came in Power sent Addeson to france to study french. He stayed abrode about three years, visiting Italy, Germany, Endland. While traverling in Italy, it is supposed that he conceived the Idea to put the play of Cato upon the stage. At this period the plays were very smutty, and Addeson greatly improved them.

Addeson when talking with his friends could speak eloquently but when he once tried to make a speech in Parliment, he was unable to say one word.

Pope and Addeson were great friends, but they had a falling out, on account of Popes jealously. They never became intimate friends again while they lived.

The causes of inaccuracy and illogical arrangement are many. One of them is that the schooboy cares little about Addison or Pope. Neither their careers nor their writings appeal to him strongly; and he is wholly indifferent as to the details of their achievements and their quarrels. But here we enter upon the question of teaching literature and the choice of books for the young. This is another subject.

MRS. GASKELL.

I.

It was an unusual fate that called upon the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, within a period of a few months, to supply the missing conclusions of two such novels as "Denis Duval" and "Wives and Daughters." The last number of Thackeray's half-told story, with its *cetera valde desiderantur*, appeared in the issue of June, 1864; in the same magazine for January, 1866, Mrs. Gaskell's long contribution came to an abrupt end, fortunately all but finished when her busy hand was suddenly stopped. "We are saying nothing now of the merely intellectual qualities displayed in these later works," wrote Frederick Greenwood in his notice of Mrs. Gaskell; "twenty years to come, that may be thought the more important question." Well, just twice twenty years were to elapse before the Master of Peterhouse was to answer that question so happily in the Introductions to her complete works.* He has left not a great deal for the critical gleaner to say. There is, in fact, nothing recondite in either the beauties or the limitations of Mrs. Gaskell's genius, and my desire is merely to invite others to the pleasure these well-edited books have given me. We have all of us read "Cranford," and some of us "Wives and Daughters"; but how many of the younger generation are familiar with the pathos of "Ruth"; or the deeper pity of the labor tales, "Mary Barton" and "North and South"; or the mingled satire and regret of "My Lady Ludlow"? How many are familiar with her riper work—with that humble tragedy of the sea and the moors, "Sylvia's Lovers"; or that flawless, radiant idyl, "Cousin Phillis"? And to these must be added the long series of short stories whose names almost had been forgotten.

There are, as may be seen from this list, two main sources of inspiration in Mrs. Gaskell's writing, the labor troubles of the cities and the sequestered peace of the country, corresponding to the divisions of her own life. She was born in London, in 1810, her father, William Stevenson, being a man of some intellectual distinction. But her mother died within a month after the child's birth, and the little Elizabeth grew up with her maternal relatives in Knutsford, a village of Cheshire lying some twelve miles south of Manchester. Her home here was the house of Mrs. Lumb, her mother's sister; but she must have seen a good deal of her uncle, Peter Holland, the physician of the town, who is supposed to have furnished the model for Mr. Harrison and for Mr. Gibson of "Wives and Daughters." Her grandfather, Samuel Holland, was a gentleman farmer living at Sandle Bridge, two or three miles distant. Here she drew in part her pictures for the Woodley of "Cranford" and for Hope Farm of "Cousin Phillis." "The aspect of the country was quiet and pastoral," she writes of that famous visit of the Cranford ladies to Mr. Holbrook's, which must have been like so many of her own excursions to Grandfather Holland's. "Woodley stood among fields; and there was an old-fashioned garden where roses and currant-bushes touched each other, and where the feathery asparagus formed a pretty background to the pinks and gilly-flowers; there was no drive up to the door. We got out at a little gate, and walked up a straight box-edged path." But the land was not without its heroic traditions. The great Clive had gone to school at Knutsford, was perhaps connected with the Holland family (his mother was a Gaskell), and had certainly spent some of his holidays at Sandle Bridge, where he had displayed his youthful prowess, and alarmed his hosts, by jumping from the round ball of one gate-post to the other. When Mrs. Gaskell came to describe her Hope Farm, she did not forget that famous entrance to her grandfather's place.

*"The Works of Mrs. Gaskell." In eight volumes, Knutsford edition. With a General Biographical Introduction, and a Critical Introduction to Each Volume, by Dr. A. W. Ward, who has received the kind assistance of the Misses Gaskell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1906.

II.

Such was the serene setting of her early life; to her maturer years came a serenity of another sort. In her twenty-second year she was married in the parish church at Knutsford to the Rev. William Gaskell, joint minister of the Unitarian chapel in Cross Street, Manchester. Mr. Gaskell was a man of large attainments and refinement, who for several years held the post of professor of English history and literature in Manchester New College. Their home, at No. 84 Plymouth Grove, became a centre of cultivated interests in a community more concerned with the laws of trade than with the canons of taste. But there was no shirking of the more painful realities. As a minister's wife, the poverty and rebellion of those years must have knocked at her doors, and she was not afraid also to face them in their haunts. In particular she saw a good deal of the working people in the company of her friend, Susanna Winkworth, had attended their debates and visited their homes, and knew their grievances and errors. And so, in a season of affliction, she sought naturally to lose her personal grief in this sympathy with the poor. She had already written one or two briefer pieces when, after the death of her infant son, she began her first labor story, "Mary Barton." This was written in the years 1845-47, and published in 1848—significant dates. Her other labor story, "North and South," was written as a serial for Dickens's *Household Words*, in 1854-55, and then issued as a complete work. The material was ready to her hand, and, indeed, no one of Mrs. Gaskell's sensitiveness could have lived in the heart of manufacturing England during the "hungry forties" without reflecting the trouble of the times.

All during that half century, while the wealth of the country was piling up, there had been recurring periods of extreme depression for the laboring classes. The chief cause of the evil in Mrs. Gaskell's day was the rapid change in economic conditions due to the newly invented methods of manufacture. But the bitterness of the suffering was magnified by two opposite circumstances. Despite the distress inflicted by them on the city poor, the Corn Laws, until a revolution threatened, were kept in force by the great land-owners who perceived their wealth and power transferring to the manufacturing class and naturally resented the change. On the other hand the new doctrine of laissez-faire, which began to gov-

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ern the manufacturing world, was not without its answering evil. To strip men of all their faculties save those productive commercially, to make cash payment, as Carlyle inveighed, the universal sole nexus of man to man, to find in supply-and-demand a sufficient substitute for duty and mercy—what better name could be given to this than the "dismal science"? The reaction from that heartless trust in *let-alone* is felt to-day in the humanitarian palterings with the laws of retributive justice and in the excesses of socialism. In Mrs. Gaskell's day hostility to the system could be traced up and down the country in riot and misery, in sullen plottings, and vociferous appeals to Parliament.

III.

And fiction has corresponded to these different conditions. In a word the elder novelists undertook to awaken a sense of obligation and pity in the strong toward the weak; whereas too often to-day the purpose of the reforming writer is to preach a millennium of brotherly love to be achieved through inflaming the hatred of the poor against the rich. There were exceptions then, of course, as there are now. Rumblings of the purely Jacobin clamor were still heard, as in the imprecations of the Corn Law Rhymer:

> Avenge the plunder'd poor, oh Lord!
> But not with fire, but not with sword,
> Not as at Peterloo they died,
> Beneath the hoofs of coward pride.
> Avenge our rags, our chains, our sighs,
> The famine in our children's eyes!
> But not with sword—no, not with fire
> Chastise Thou Britain's locustry!
> Lord, let them feel thy heavier ire;
> Whip them, oh Lord! with poverty!
> Then, cold in soul as coffin'd dust,
> Their hearts as tearless, dead, and dry,
> Let them in outraged mercy trust,
> And *find* that mercy they deny!

But even here the cry is for mercy from above. Carlyle was the prophet of revolt against political indifferentism, and his words might be written down as the motto of much of the labor fiction of the day: "'Guide me, govern me! I am mad, and miserable, and cannot govern myself!' Surely of all 'rights of man,' this right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be, gently or forcibly, held in the true course by him, is the indisputablest." To Disraeli this right to be governed took the form of an imaginative restoration of the older hierarchy of society. Mrs. Gaskell looked for relief rather to the more feminine qualities of the heart. "They'n screwed us down to th' lowest peg, in order to make their great big fortunes, and build their great big houses," cries one of the starving workers, "and we, why we're just clemming, many and many of us. Can you say there's nought wrong in this?" And from this *clemming*—"starving," the dreadful word runs like a chorus through both these novels—grows the moral tragedy of the plots. Thus, John Barton kills the son of his employer, Mr. Carson, driving himself into haunted exile and throwing the suspicion of the murder on the lover of his daughter Mary. The scene of reconciliation, when at last Barton comes home broken by remorse, and the enemies meet face to face in his desolate home, may be quoted both as an illustration of Mrs. Gaskell's creed and as a specimen of her earlier dramatic style:

> John himself stood up, stiff and rigid, and replied——
> "Mary, wench! I owe him summut. I will go die, where, and as he wishes me. Thou hast said true, I am standing side by side with Death; and it matters little where I spend the bit of time left of life. That time I must pass wrestling with my soul for a character to take into the other world. I'll go where you see fit, sir. He's innocent," faintly indicating Jem, as he fell back in his chair. . . .
> But as Mr. Carson was on the point of leaving the house with no sign of relenting about him, he was stopped by John Barton, who had risen once more from his chair, and stood supporting himself on Jem, while he spoke.
> "Sir, one word! My hairs are gray with suffering, and yours with years"——
> "And have I had no suffering?" asked Mr. Carson, as if appealing for sympathy, even to the murderer of his child.
> And the murderer of his child answered to the appeal, and groaned in spirit over the anguish he had caused.
> "Have I had no inward suffering to blanch these hairs? Have I not toiled and struggled even to these years with hopes in my heart that all centred in my boy? I did not speak of them, but were they not there? I seemed hard and cold; and so I might be to others, but not to him! —who shall ever imagine the love I bore him? Even he never dreamed how my heart leapt up at the sound of his footstep, and how precious he was to his poor old father. And he is gone—killed—out of the hearing of all loving words—out of my sight for ever. He was my sunshine, and now it is night! Oh, my God! comfort me, comfort me!" cried the old man aloud.
> The eyes of John Barton grew dim with tears. Rich and poor, masters and men, were then brothers in the deep suffering of the heart; for was not this the very anguish he had felt for little Tom, in years so long gone by that they seemed like another life?
> The mourner before him was no longer the employer, a being of another race, eternally placed in antagonistic attitude, . . . no longer the enemy, the oppressor, but a very poor and desolate old man.

And so the chastened master of men, now but a man himself, goes out to ponder on the causes of suffering and hatred, and becomes in his own way a reformer. His new desire was "that a perfect understanding, and complete confidence and love, might exist between masters and men; . . . and to have them bound to their employers by ties of respect and affection, not by mere money bargains alone; in short, to acknowledge the Spirit of Christ as the regulating law between both parties."—How strangely old-fashioned the phrases sound; how far we have removed our theories from that simple trust! Turn from Mrs. Gaskell to the bleak skepticism of Gissing's "Nether World" or the chapters of "Life's Morning" that run parallel in theme with "Mary Barton"; or compare the doctrine of class consciousness so diligently proclaimed by some of our living American novelists—and how different the world we are in. What novelist to-day would dare to indulge in a sentimental outcry to the rich, like that of Dickens in "The Old Curiosity Shop" to "those who rule the destinies of nations!" Whether economically or not, the artistic advantage was certainly with our elders. Through their appeal and warning we seem to hear, in tones confused it may be by the perplexities of long experience and by much half-knowledge, the cry of the Greek stage, *Alas, oh generations of men!* and of all great literature, and the reader is softened and broadened by association with the ancient pity of human life. Our modern fiction of the Zola-Tolstoy school may be more effective, though even this is doubtful, in immediate reform, but to the reader it brings only a harsh contraction of spirit, and its end is in hatred and revolution and palsy and decay.

IV.

But the didactic purpose is not unpleasantly prominent in these tales. Mrs. Gaskell wrote, not because she had a lesson to inculcate, but because her heart was moved by the blind suffering about her and her mind absorbed by the problem of these contending characters. Nor is the color of the stories one of unrelieved darkness; especially in "North and South," which opens with the pretty idyl at Helstone, in the New Forest, "like a village in a poem — in one of Tennyson's poems," made up of "the church and a few houses near it on the green—cottages, rather—with roses growing all over them." And when the heroine is transplanted from this southern home to the grime and stress of a great northern factory town, there is the contrast of two civilizations, meeting and contending for her soul—the old ideal of leisurely manners and the modern of stripped efficiency. And Margaret Hale herself is one of the heroines of fiction we cherish as we cherish the memory of women known in our youth. As has been said by another, we can almost see her, as poor Bessy saw her in a dream, "coming swiftly towards me, wi' yo'r hair blown back wi' the very swiftness o' the motion, a little standing off like; and the white, shining dress on yo've getten to wear." In one respect, like the other heroines of Mrs. Gaskell's books, she is sketched with a touch less feminine than masculine. They are all creatures of passion, yet we feel that their choice in love is not so much personal and voluntary as the result of that life-force which beats through the world, and of which they are the passive instruments. They are like vessels charged with a subtle and dangerous fluid; and this, I take it, is rather man's way of contemplating women. And when, as it does in "Sylvia's Lovers," this unregarding force takes for its vehicle a girl made up of little vanities, what can the consequence be but a life broken by the clashing of its own strength and weakness—perhaps in the end a pathetic self-abnegation? One feels this union of traits at the first glimpse of Sylvia as she comes down from her hill-home to the sea-town —in her childlike delight at the thought of buying a new cloak, in the nimble vitality of her body. She was wilful, as such women are, but she was to learn many things—to learn the nature of the forces that played upon her. "It's not in me to forgive; I sometimes think it's not in me to forget," she exclaims; and again: "I'm sick o' men and their cruel, deceitful ways."

And with this portrayal of passion there goes an entire chastity of language—the *pudor* of true art which would represent the beauty and the devastating attraction of this force without evoking the corresponding physical emotion in the reader or beholder. I happened to be reading "Eugénie Grandet" at the same time with

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"Sylvia's Lovers," and I was struck by a difference in this respect. Eugénie is a noble example of the pure heroine whose passive nature is possessed by the blind force; she is of the large, still type, more like Phillis and Ruth than Sylvia; but akin to them all in destiny. There is in Balzac's portrayal of her beauty a freshness and chastity not common in his books, or, indeed, appropriate to most of his women; yet even here he forgets himself and must insinuate how she would have appealed to the Parisian roué. It is a fault in art, for in the crowded impressions that come from reading such a description the brain fails to distinguish between what is ascribed to the woman herself and what is said about her. Richardson, for example, learned this lesson of delicacy in the interval between "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe"; parts of the first work are nasty, though written with the best intentions, whereas I cannot recall in all the similar situations of "Clarissa" a single scene that produces a physical disquiet. Now in this point the purity of Mrs. Gaskell's own mind was a safeguard against error. Read the pages where Philip watches his Sylvia at the spinning wheel, or where Kinraid observes her knitting, and again at her household work, moving "out of light into shade, out of shadow into the broad firelight"—the nature of her attraction is made sufficiently clear, but there is never a disturbing suggestion.

V.

The scene of "Sylvia's Lovers" is a Yorkshire whaling village, where the bleak moors roll down to the coast. Always the sound of water is in the air, the sound of "the waves lapping against the shelving shore," the lights and murmurs of the sea of Aphrodite, though under a gray northern sky. But for the first of her idyls she turned to her own home in the quiet country just bordering on Lancashire, and it is well known that "Cranford" is an idealized, or etherealized rather, picture of Knutsford. Of the book there is no need to say anything. It was published next after "Mary Barton," and could scarcely have been written without the experience that gives force to the earlier novel. For, if we analyze the charm of "Cranford," it will be found to depend largely, I think, on a feeling of unreality, or, more precisely, of proximity to the greater realities of Manchester. This contrast was a part of Mrs. Gaskell's own life; she made use of it deliberately in "North and South," and it gives their peculiar tone to the idyllic tales, as may be seen clearly enough by comparing her country with Jane Austen's. What impresses one in Miss Austen's books is a feeling of stability; governments may fall in London, but any change in the manners and occupations of this provincial folk is inconceivable. In "Cranford" just the contrary is true. Here the grace is of something that has survived into an alien age, and is about to vanish away; there is a tremulous fragility in its beauty.

"Cranford" is flawless in a way, but not more so than "Cousin Phillis," while its colors are altogether paler. Indeed, one scarcely knows how to praise the gem-like beauty of the later pastoral without using language that might seem to place it too high as a literary work. "A Protestant clergyman is perhaps the finest subject for a modern idyl that can be found," wrote Goethe of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the words are even more applicable to Mrs. Gaskell's minister Holman. "He appears, like Melchizedec, to combine the characters of priest and king. Devoted to agriculture, the most innocent of all terrestrial conditions of man, he is almost always engaged in the same occupations, and confined to the circle of his family connections. He is a father, a master, and a cultivator; and by the union of these characters, a true member of society. On these worldly but pure and noble foundations his higher vocations rest." There could be no better comment on the meeting with Phillis and her father, the farmer-preacher:

"Well, my lass, this is Cousin Manning, I suppose. Wait a minute, young man, and I'll put on my coat, and give you a decorous and formal welcome. But—— Ned Hall, there ought to be a water-furrow across this land; it's a nasty, stiff, clayey, dauby bit of ground, and thou and I must fall to, come next Monday—I beg your pardon, Cousin Manning—and there's old Jem's cottage wants a bit of thatch; you can do that job to-morrow, while I am busy." Then, suddenly changing the tone of his deep voice to an odd suggestion of chapels and preachers, he added, "Now I will give out the psalm: 'Come all harmonious tongues,' to be sung to 'Mount Ephraim' tune."

He lifted his spade in his hand, and began to beat time with it; the two laborers seemed to know both words and music, though I did not; and so did Phillis; her rich voice followed her father's, as he set the time; and the men came in with more uncertainty, but still harmoniously. Phillis looked at me once or twice, with a little surprise at my silence; but I did not know the words. There we five stood, bareheaded, excepting Phillis, in the tawny stubble-field, from which all the shocks of corn had not yet been carried—a dark wood on one side, where the wood-pigeons were cooing; blue distance, seen through the ash-trees, on the other. Somehow, I think that, if I had known the words, and could have sung, my throat would have been choked up by the feeling of the unaccustomed scene.

The hymn was ended, and the men had drawn off, before I could stir. I saw the minister beginning to put on his coat, and looking at me with friendly inspection in his gaze, before I could rouse myself.

It is a rare scene, whose dignity verges on the humorous, and which only a writer conscious of her art would have dared venture upon. It strikes the keynote of the book, but for completion there is needed that picture of Phillis in the first flush of her love for "Cousin Manning's" friend, standing under the budding branches of the gray trees, and whistling with the birds in unconscious delight. It is a fact of pathetic significance that cousin Phillis did not know the meaning of her joy, but should understand so well the reason of her sorrow when the turn came.

In the end one is tempted to ask why this pastoral tale has failed to establish itself among our classics. One compares it, perhaps, with "The Vicar of Wakefield"; one tests the scene of Minister Holman in the fields with that of Parson Primrose drinking tea with his family where his "predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by a hedge of hawthorne and honeysuckle." Why is it that the later book, with all its overtones of beauty and sentiment, does not rank with its plainer rival? We are more deeply stirred by the events of "Cousin Phillis" than by that of "The Vicar," yet we feel that a hundred years from now Goldsmith's work will be read with the same kind of interest as to-day, when Mrs. Gaskell's shall be all but forgotten. May it not be just the emotional qualities of "Cousin Phillis" which prompts one to give it so brief a period of life? Somehow the sentimental appeal has a dull trick of losing its effect in an astonishingly short time, as any one can discover by reading the chapters of Miss Burney's "Cecilia," over which Mrs. Gaskell's parents, no doubt, like others of their generation, shed copious tears; whereas Goldsmith's just mixture of satire and sentiment, his freedom from superfluous baggage, his eighteenth-century cleanness of style, have the preservative quality of Attic salt.

But these are idle surmises. It is enough that the radiant beauty of "Cousin Phillis" and the fuller charms of "Wives and Daughters" are still contemporaneous to us, and that we can now enjoy them in their excellent new dress. P. E. M.

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 6.

The American Oriental Society has just held its one hundred and nineteenth meeting in Philadelphia, where courtesies were extended by the American Philosophical Society and the local Oriental Club. Then, too, the Historical Society, which was holding its annual reunion, invited the Oriental Society to join in its evening festivities. The sessions were well attended, and the number of papers presented, fifty in all, would have proved embarrassingly large, had not some of them been read by title only. Of the fifty, twenty-two had to do with Aryan civilization in the East and (by an odd chance) exactly the same number with Semitic subjects, the six remaining papers dealing with the Philippines, Borneo, Egypt, and the American gypsies.

Of the first group, the initial paper was a study of the Rig Veda. There have been many ways of attacking the problem of the comparative age of the different parts of this Veda; and since the problem is as yet by no means settled, every new method is welcomed by Sanskrit students. In this paper the point of attack was the fact that verse-lines and stanzas are repeated throughout the Veda. The bearing of such repetitions upon the age of the eighth book was considered by Prof. Maurice Bloomfield of Johns Hopkins, whose deductions seem to support the view that the book in question is not very early. In the latest contribution to this subject, published in the society's *Journal* several years ago, Prof. E. Washburn Hopkins of Yale took the same view, on the basis of a similar comparison of phrases found thus repeated and of the vocabulary of the eighth book. The long-expected completion of the Vedic concordance has now made easy the then formidable task of reviewing all such parallels; and though the result remains the same, it has additional support in the new examples added by Professor Bloomfield. Other Vedic papers of interest were offered by C. J. Ogden, who came to the same conclusion, on the basis of Sāyana's treatment of the subjunctive, that this commentator's judgment was not of much importance in

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the matter; by S. G. Olyphant, who presented a study of the Vedic dual; and by Mr. Welden, who interpreted jihva purogavī in Rv. 10.137.7 as an instrumental, a decidedly clever suggestion.

Of more general character was the sketch of the rise and fall of some of the late Nayaka kingdoms in southern India, presented by the Rev. Mr. Chandler of Madura. The same gentleman offered a striking paper on the life of the early Jesuit missionaries, whose success appears to have been in direct ratio to their tact and capacity for adapting themselves to the social prejudices of their new converts. One of the most successful of these devoted followers of Xavier, Robert de Nobili, even permitted his converts to retain caste, and by so doing he won over thousands, though the attitude of his successors made havoc of his gains at a later date. This enlightened Christian first of all prepared himself for his work by becoming a Hindu. "If," said he, "God could become man to save the world, surely I may become a native of the people I would save." Modern missionaries, instead of trying to destroy the social position of the converts they make, might learn a lesson from one of the few men who have made an impression on India.

Prof. L. H. Mills on the Avestan side sent from Oxford a paper on the influence of the Ahuna Vairya doctrine upon the Christian dogma of the Logos. This was read by title, but it will appear in the society's publications. The influence of the Avestan calendar upon the names of the Persian and Armenian months formed the subject of an interesting communication by Dr. L. H. Gray, while Prof. A. V. W. Jackson of Columbia gave in abstract notes on the history of India and on Merv.

In the special session devoted to comparative religion, the chief paper was that of Prof. Morris Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania, who gave a masterly discussion of the science of divination in Babylonia based on the interpretation of the liver. Difficult texts hitherto unintelligible have become clear through understanding how essential was the liver as a means of divination. No less important is the historical light thrown on the connection between Babylon and the West. Liver divination in the Etruscan cult seems to be connected directly with that of the Semitic East, and in both the basis of the extraordinary regard paid to the liver is not only its conspicuous markings, but also the belief, based upon the bloody appearance of that organ (perhaps, too, on the relation between health and a sound digestion), that the liver was the seat of the life and of the soul. Prof. A. T. Clay of the University of Pennsylvania announced a discovery in regard to a divine title extant in the names of endorsers of Aramaic business documents, which seems to be of some importance in rehabilitating a figure of the pantheon otherwise nearly obliterated; but it would not be fair to the author of the paper to anticipate its publication. At the same session Miss Margaretta Morris reviewed the various cases of connection between magic and morals to be found in Borneo, where, as elsewhere, morality, if not occasioned by magic (in which term Miss Morris included tabu) is at least fostered and conditioned by it; an old theme, but beautifully illustrated by the new examples presented in this instructive paper.

Out of the wealth of other papers offered, limitations of space will permit of but few being mentioned, but among the few must appear one of the two contributions of Prof. J. D. Prince of Columbia in regard to the Romany jargon of America. A very large proportion of Gypsy vocabulary still smacks of India whence it came. Considering that the Gypsies have been in Europe for six hundred years or more this is a remarkable showing. It is possible only to refer to Prof. C. Johnston's collection of more or less *intime* letters in cuneiform and his remarks on the postal service of Babylon; on Prof. C. R. Lanman's account of the "Buddhist Way of Purity," written by Buddhaghosa, the contemporary of St. Augustine; and Prof. Paul Haupt's ascription of Semitic origin to the word *cabinet;* while other papers deserving more than a reference must be omitted altogether from this cursory survey.

At the annual change of presidents Prof. C. H. Toy of Harvard was succeeded by Prof. Lanman, also of Harvard. Professor Toy himself, on retiring from office at the first session, delivered an address on the work done in Oriental languages during the last year. Prof. C. C. Torrey of Yale resigned as Semitic editor, after seven years of exacting work, and Prof. L. B. Paton of Hartford was chosen in his place. A feature of this meeting was the earnest appeal made by the officers for funds to carry on the proper work of the Society, which for more than sixty years has been the scientific representative of Oriental work in this country. The society adjourned on Friday afternoon, to meet again on April 23, 1908, at Cambridge, Mass.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

F. W. Bourdillon's extended account of the early editions of that popular book of the Middle Ages the "Roman de la Rose," which has recently been sent out to members of the Bibliographical Society, is an admirable piece of modern bibliographical research. For the first time the correct sequence of the twenty-one editions printed before 1539 has been determined. As they are in large part undated, and in many cases without name of printer or publisher, this has been a difficult task, necessitating minute study and comparison of copies. But no one who looks carefully into the matter can doubt the correctness of Mr. Bourdillon's conclusions. Just which was actually the first edition of the work has long been an open and much discussed question. The first seven editions, all in folio, are undated. Brunet described three of these, all with forty-one lines to a full page; but he was unwilling to express an opinion as to priority. The one first named by him has until recently been generally regarded as the earliest. It is, however, actually the third. The fourth edition mentioned by him, and briefly described from an imperfect copy containing 177 leaves (instead of 180), with thirty-four lines to a full page, is now known to be actually the first. It was printed at Lyons by Ortuin and Schenck about 1481. This determination of place and printer was first made known by M. Claudin in his "Histoire de l'Imprimerie," but Mr. Bourdillon has found proofs from the illustrations, from transposed lines of text, and from misprints, which seem to fix the precise status of this and the later editions beyond all doubt. His presentation of these proofs is a fine example of bibliographical reasoning. The first part of the "Roman de la Rose" seems to have been written about 1237 by Guillaume de Lorris, who died leaving a poem of about four thousand lines. About forty years afterwards another young poet, Jean de Meun, added a second part, nearly twenty thousand lines; and in its completed form for more than two hundred and fifty years the work enjoyed a vast popularity. The manuscript copies alone, mostly prepared before the invention of printing, number, according to Mr. Bourdillon, several hundred, scattered among the great libraries of the world. The popularity of the story waned, however, in the early years of the sixteenth century; and after the edition of 1538 no other appeared until 1735.

Two other publications of the Society issued as of 1906 though actually distributed during 1907 are "Abstracts from the Wills and Testamentary Documents of Binders, Printers, and Stationers of Oxford from 1493 to 1638," by Strickland Gibson; and "Alien Members of the Book-Trade during the Tudor Period," compiled by Ernest James Worman. These two books contain information which has been heretofore practically inaccessible, and will serve, with other publications of the Society, as parts of the groundwork for a history of printing and publishing in England.

On April 15 the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell a miscellaneous collection. The most important lot is a curious scrap-book of portraits, autograph letters, original drawings, etc., brought together by the English actor, Richard John Smith, 1786-1856, who was generally known as "O. Smith." On April 16 Anderson will sell a collection, mainly from the library of William H. Browne, containing some interesting items of Americana. Among them are Harris's "Collection of Voyages," 2 vols., folio, 1744; Rogers's "Concise Account of North America," 1765; Esquemeling's "Bucaniers of America," 1684; books on André; and a long series of Lincoln orations and addresses. Two privately printed works relating to Col. Samuel B. Webb appear in the auction room, apparently for the first time; his "Correspondence and Journals," collected and edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford, 3 vols., thick small quarto, 1893, in an edition of 350 copies; the "Reminiscences," by J. Watson Webb, 1882, "published exclusively for family circulation," the number printed being undoubtedly small.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London will sell at auction on April 18, 19, and 20 some of the rare books and manuscripts of Sir Henry St. John Mildmay of Dogmersfield. There are several fine illuminated French Books of Hours, rare pieces of Americana, and books from the early English presses. Among the last mentioned are two Caxtons: a fine and nearly perfect copy of Gower's "Confessio Amantis," 1483, first edition; and an imperfect copy of the third and last Caxton edition of the "Legenda Aurea," 1493. Wynkyn de Worde's

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press is represented by "Vitæ Patrum," 1495; "Dives and Pauper," 1496; and "Chronicle of St. Albans," 1497. There are all four of the Shakespeare folios, but the first and third are imperfect. The First Folio seems to have the genuine title, trimmed and mounted; but it lacks the leaf of Ben Jonson's verses and three other preliminary leaves. The Second Folio is sound and genuine, and has the rare imprint of Richard Meighen. The Third Folio lacks the dedication and several of the preliminary leaves are in poor condition. The great rarity in the sale, however, is a copy of Shakespeare's "Sonnets," 1609, the rare first edition, of which no copy seems to have been sold since 1874, when Sir William Tite's copy was acquired by the late Frederick Locker-Lampson for the low price of £15. The title and dedication of that copy were in facsimile by Harris. The Mildmay copy, which is not included in Sidney Lee's "Census," is perfect, that is, no leaves are lacking; but the headline and even the first line of text are cut from a number of leaves. It is inlaid throughout in writing paper. Another rare Shakespeare item is a copy of "The Troublesome Reign of John, King of England," 1622, the third quarto. Other important books in the sale are: Spenser's "Faerie Queene," 1590-96; Coryat's "Crudities," 1611; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621; Langland's "Piers Plowman," 1550; and Allot's "England's Parnassus," 1600. In May, Sotheby will offer one of the finest known copies of the First Folio in private hands. It is only a little shorter than the Rowfant copy, which recently brought £3,600. The fly-leaf and title are mounted, and two leaves are repaired. About 1660 this copy came into possession of Col. John Lane of Bentley Hall, Staffordshire. When the Lane library was sold in 1856 the third Earl of Gosford bought this Folio for 157 guineas. The fourth Earl sold it for £470. It is now No. 19 in Sidney Lee's "Census." At this sale, in May, Sotheby will also offer copies of the other three folios. The Third Folio is the Langham copy, with the additional title, 1663. It brought £435 in 1894.

Full reports on the Van Antwerp sale in London March 22 and 23, show, as usual, that some items brought very good prices, while others fell off from previous records. The most notable decline was in the Shakespeare quartos. The following are examples: "A Midsumer Nights Dream," Roberts, 1600, £180; "Henry the Fift," 1608, £82; "King Lear," 1608, £200; "Sir John Falstaffe and the Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619, £120; "Romeo and Juliet," 1637, £30. These are all much below the high records made at sales a little more than a year ago. Prices on other important lots are: Allot's "England's Parnassus," 1600, £40; Arnold's "London Chronicle," about 1503, first edition, £85; Malory's "King Arthur," Thomas East's edition, n. d., £277 17s. 6d.; Barbour's Life of Bruce, lacking title, but said to have been printed at Edinburgh, about 1571, £121; Beaumont and Fletcher's "Comedies and Tragedies," 1647, first folio edition, £34; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the first edition of the Second Part, £80 (this cost Mr. Van Antwerp $175); Bunyan's "Holy War," 1682, very fine copy, £100; Butler's "Hudibras," the three parts, first editions in original sheep binding, £65; Chaucer's "Workes," 1542, a very large copy, £40; Coryat's "Crudities," 1611, £40; Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" (the word "apply" in the Preface spelled correctly), with the "Farther Adventures," 1719, £160; Drant's "Two Bookes of Horace, his Satyrs," 1566 (with two leaves of errata, said to be unique), £33; Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," 1681, with the Second Part, by Tate, 1682, £20 15s.; Esquemeling's "Bucaniers of America," with the fourth part, 1684, £25; "Cato's Moral Distichs," printed by B. Franklin, 1735, £92 (this was the identical copy which brought $410 in the Proud sale, 1903, but since rebound); "Cato Major," Franklin, 1744, £62 (this copy sold at Anderson's in 1905 for $390); Goldsmith's "Traveller," 1764 (only one other copy is known), £216; "The Traveller," 1765, £30; "She Stoops to Conquer," 1773, earliest issue, in the original paper cover, uncut, £90; Gray's "Elegy," 1751, £205 (this was the McKee copy, which sold at Anderson's in 1902 for $740); Herrick's "Hesperides," 1648, £76; Heywood's "An Hundred Epigrammes," 1550 (the only copy known), £126; Holinshed's "Chronicles," 1577, £50; Keats's "Poems," 1817, presentation copy, £90 (this identical copy brought $500 in the Arnold sale, 1901); Marston's "Malcontent," uncut, £70; Milton's "Masque Presented at Ludlow Castle" (the first edition of "Comus"), 1637, a poor copy, £162; "Paradise Regained," 1671, uncut, £94; "The Thrie tailes of the Thrie Priests of Peblis," Edinburgh, 1603 (only one other copy known, and that imperfect), £120; Pope's "Windsor Forest," 1713, uncut, £48; Purchas's "Pilgrimes," 1624-26, £170; Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia," 1624, £90; Spenser's "Faerie Queene," 1590-96, £86.

At an auction at Hodgson's, London, the latter part of March, Ruskin's "Poems," 1850, the first collective edition, brought £42; the *Germ*, original issue, four parts, bound in one volume, £24; the original drawings by "Phiz" for the trial scene in "Pickwick," £50; the manuscript of Thackeray on George II., written out by C. Pearman, with corrections throughout by Thackeray, £81; Milton's "Paradise Regained," first edition, uncut, £92; Purchas's "Pilgrimes," 5 vols., 1625-26, £49.

The autographs of John D. Crimmins of this city, sold by the Anderson Auction Company on Monday, brought more than $11,000. The complete set of signatures of signers of the Declaration of Independence went for $2,850; two letters of Robert Burns, $265 and $380; a letter from Daniel Boone to Gov. Isaac Shelby, $120; a letter of Henry Clay, in 1837, discussing the Senate, $1,150; a letter of Thomas Jefferson, 1814, inveighing against slavery, $230; Gen. Richard Montgomery's letter to Gen. Sir Guy Carleton, written before the assault on Quebec, in which Montgomery was killed, $750; Washington's plan for attacking the British in New York, written and signed by the general, $825.

The death is announced from Vienna of Arthur L. Jellinek, author of a number of bibliographical works. He was born in 1876. Among his books are "Internationale Bibliographie der Kunstwissenschaft," "Bibliographie der Vergleichenden Literatur-geschichte," "Bibliographie von Goethe," and "Literarische Bibliographie von Theatergeschichte."

Correspondence.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is difficult to find words to express the loss, suffered by those who knew him, in the death of William Henry Drummond. To the world at large, Dr. Drummond was the creator of a new type in literature; to his friends he was infinitely more than this. Warm-hearted, generous, sympathetic, true as steel, he stood for all that is best in the land of his birth, and in the land of his forefathers. Patriotic in no narrow sense of the term, he took a keen interest in all public questions, and threw his influence on the side of all movements for the betterment of Canadian life. He had faith in the wholesomeness of Canadian ideals, and believed firmly that his country was destined to take a large place in the world's history. He was a broad man in every sense of the term. His modesty would not admit anything of merit in his own achievements, whether in literature or otherwise; but he always felt and expressed the warmest appreciation of what was worthy in the work of his friends and contemporaries.

Like that other well-known Canadian, "Ralph Connor," Dr. Drummond was literally forced to publish his first book by friends, who would not permit him to hide his talents. His earlier Habitant verses were written solely for the amusement of a few intimates, and when the suggestion was made to him that he should issue them in book form, he scouted the idea as absurd. The instant popularity which "The Habitant" achieved in Canada and England, and especially in the United States, left him almost aghast. And yet it was part of the charming simplicity of his character that he accepted the praise lavished upon his book without either affectation or self-consciousness. He was genuinely pleased to find that thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic shared his own keen interest in the personality of the French-Canadian peasant, though he did not realize that his own genius had made the type known to the world; even to those of us who lived among the Habitants, Dr. Drummond's word-pictures came as a revelation. Clothed in that extraordinary patois, so amazing to those who have not come in contact with the Habitant, and yet so familiar to any one who has travelled in the Province of Quebec, his verses reflect, with inimitable humor, sympathy and delicacy, the essential characteristics of the type. The rural population of French Canada is unlike that of any other country. The Habitant is the result of peculiar conditions. Transplanted originally from the north of France, the stock has been modified and transformed by the environment of the new world. It retains the simplicity and poetic temperament of the old stock, combined with a measure of the vigor and self-reliance of pioneer life. And with it all the Habitant remains to this day almost untouched by the influences of modern civilization, living his life in his own sufficient way, oblivious of many things that the rest of us think indispensable. It is this odd product of Old and New France that Dr. Drummond, from the abundance of his

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knowledge, drew with such unerring skill and perfect sympathy.

It is important, too, that his attitude toward his subject should be made clear. It has occasionally been objected, by educated French-Canadians and others, that Dr. Drummond's Habitant poems from their very form were designed to ridicule the class they described. The warmly appreciative introduction of Dr. Louis Frechette (the truest poet that French Canada has produced, and than whom no man is better qualified to speak on this subject) to "The Habitant" is a sufficient answer to any such objection. Dr. Drummond himself explained his reason for adopting the patois of the French-Canadian peasant in the preface to his first book of verse:

Having lived practically all my life side by side with the French-Canadian people, I have grown to admire and love them, and I have felt that while many of the English-speaking public know perhaps as well as myself the French-Canadian of the cities, they have had little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the habitant. Therefore I have endeavored to paint a few types, and in doing this it has seemed to me that I could best attain the object in view by having my friends tell their own tales in their own way, as they would relate them to English-speaking auditors not conversant with the French tongue.

In his latest book, "The Voyageur," there is a poem called "The Last Portage" that possesses a peculiar appeal now that the man who wrote it has, in the very prime of his life, been called on by the inexorable captain to traverse himself the last portage. The verses were written while Dr. Drummond was suffering keenly from the loss of his little son, and they show that the patois of the French-Canadian may lend itself to something deeper than humor:

Off in front of me as I go,
Light as a dreef of de fallin' snow—
Who is dat leetle boy dancin' dere
Can see hees w'ite dress an' curly hair,
An' almos' touch heem, so near to me
In an' out dere among the tree?

. . . . .

An' oh! mon Dieu! w'en he turn hees head
I'm seein' de face of ma boy is dead—
Dead wit' de young blood in hees veln—
An' dere he's comin' wance more again
Wit' de curly hair, an' dark-blue eye,
So lak de blue of de summer sky—

An' now no more for de road I care,
An' slippery log lyin' ev'ryw'ere—
De swamp on de valley, de mountain, too,
But climb it jus' as I use to do—
Don't stop on the road, for I need no res'
So long as I see de leetle w'ite dress.

An' I foller it on, an' wance in a w'ile
He turn again wit' de baby smile,
An' say, "Dear fader, I'm here you see,
We're bote togeder, jus' you an' me—
Very dark to you, but to me it's light,
De road we travel so far to-night.

Dr. Drummond has crossed the last portage, but he has left behind as a legacy three books not unworthy to be classed with what is true in the world's literature; and he has left to those that knew him the memory of one who was a worthy citizen, an honorable and upright man, and the best and stanchest of friends.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

Ottawa, April 8.

Dr. William Henry Drummond died on Saturday from the effects of a stroke of paralysis. He was born in Ireland in 1854, but came to the Province of Quebec while still a young boy. He was educated at the English High School and at McGill University in Montreal. He then studied medicine; and, after practising his profession in a village of mixed population, he became professor of medical jurisprudence in Bishop's University. The titles of his volumes are "The Habitant," "Phil-o-rum's Canoe," "Johnny Courteau," and "The Voyageur."

COLLEGE COURSES IN PUBLIC SPEAKING

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Not long ago the awkward boy who survived the ordeal of "speaking his piece" before the district school committee had completed his course of instruction in public speaking. Even if he went to college, he got nothing more. "Speaking pieces" was the one form of public address known to higher education. Twenty years ago the entire training in at least one New England college consisted of the recitation of "Spartacus to the Gladiators." Each little tin man, when sufficiently wound up, went through the performance automatically, jerking out his gestures at the appointed spots with the precision of a Christmas toy on a street corner. Then, after exhibiting to a long-suffering commencement audience the power thus developed, the finished product of this course in "Elocution" went forth to astound the world with his eloquence. And the world was astounded!

Indeed, the world was so astounded with all the fantastic tricks that came to be performed in the name of "elocution" that the word fell into ill-repute. Many institutions dropped the name; some dropped the thing also; a few tried to substitute something sensible. In the last ten years the new subject which has found its way into the largest number of colleges as a regular course is debating. When properly conducted, this course recognizes the fact that the only sound basis of effective public speaking is vigorous thinking—a thing about as foreign to the genius of the old elocutionist as to the modern stenographer, fresh from a two months' course. Debating, at first berated as an old-fashioned amusement, has swiftly proved its worth. Many believe that there is no course in the whole college curriculum of greater inherent educational value. What it may yield, however, depends in a peculiar degree on the power of the instructor, for as a college course it has no traditions, no generally accepted methods, no definite body of material. It may be a farce not to be tolerated anywhere, or it may be the fitting culmination of the whole college course, using the knowledge and the power gained in all other studies for the scientific investigation and effective presentation of the truth.

The formal joint-debate, invaluable as it is under the firm and mature guidance of Prof. G. P. Baker at Harvard, is yet only one form of debating, and debating is but one highly specialized form of public address. The fixed rules, the time limit, the number of persons on each side, the give and take of rebuttal, make a formal debate a kind of game—an intensely interesting game, a game exacting all the powers of the whole man, but, nevertheless a game—the play rather than the business of life. The student debater finds in that dim future after commencement, when he becomes marked as an educated citizen in his community, that other forms of public address are demanded of him on numerous special occasions.

Accordingly the newer college courses in public speaking deal with the eulogy, the after-dinner speech, the Memorial Day address, and various other commemorative and occasional addresses. The study of masterpieces is followed by the writing of addresses. These are sometimes delivered before the class, but unless they are delivered before the audience for which they are prepared, they must lack one essential of effective speaking—adaptation to the time, the place, and the people. To secure this, the student is urged to imagine a definite audience and a special occasion, and persuasively to adjust his thought to the intelligence, moods, and prejudices of this audience at this time. But still the work is academic. Instructors who have tried this plan say that not one student in a hundred is equal to the problem. And no wonder! The work is never brought to the final test, indeed the only true test, which is and must be the definite audience and the special occasion.

A course in public speaking offers no adequate incentive to hard work, develops no genuine enthusiasm, until it adopts the laboratory method. A course in science now brings its laboratory to the college, but a course in public speaking must go out to find its laboratory, which is the public platform. There is no more connection between the old elocution and practical public speaking than there is between the old text-book study of chemistry and the work of the dye-house. At Bowdoin College each student in the most advanced course is brought to this ultimate test—the special audience. This means, not the commencement audience of indulgent friends who smilingly accept conventional wordiness, while the speaker abuses his privilege of being commonplace, but heterogeneous social settlement groups, Memorial Day audiences, extension lecture clubs, grange meetings, city Christian associations, churches, high schools and academies, lumber camps and town meetings, party caucuses and political rallies.

This work is elective only for men who have shown proficiency in the underlying courses in English composition, voice-training, argumentation, and debate. Every address is prepared for the special occasion under the direction and criticism of the instructor. The course ends with a banquet at which every man gives an after-dinner speech. Last year every speech had a touch of humor and a definite object; it came to the point directly, emphasized it briefly, and then—O rarest of joys—it stopped. The record on the college books is the record of the student's success in attacking these perfectly definite problems. That the speakers did not fail last year is indicated by the fact that every coöperating institution has applied this year for another student-speaker. For the twenty men in this course forty special addresses have been arranged to be delivered outside the college during the next two months.

The effect on the students is striking. Note the renewed ambition when the student of medicine takes his first case under the direction of the house physician. Observe the new lease of life for the student of architecture when he sets to work

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on the first plan which is actually to meet its ultimate test in the hands of the builder. The same fresh stimulus comes to the student of public speaking when he advances from the artificial exercises of the classroom into the real world. He may find in this personal problem his first incentive to do a piece of work just as well as he can do it; he begins to see that public speaking which has more than momentary effect must be based on vigorous thinking; and his attitude in the classroom changes from passive receptivity to eager solicitude for instruction and criticism.

WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER.

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., March 28.

LONGFELLOW'S "BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Longfellow centenary reminds me of an interesting letter which I received from the venerable poet a quarter of a century ago. I was then, as now, interested in the protection of birds and, indeed, of all innocent life. In lecturing and writing on the subject I frequently referred to the beautiful story of the "Birds of Killingworth," which forms one of the delightful "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The question was sometimes raised as to whether this narrative had any basis of fact or was merely the fantasy of a poetic brain. In Longfellow's verse we read that the farmers of Killingworth, annoyed by the thefts of the birds who claimed a share of the crops, decided upon their extermination. At the town meeting the only advocate for the "winged wardens" of the field was the schoolmaster, who urged that what the feathered marauders carried off was only a fair payment for their exertions against insect foes of agriculture. The farmers, with the unwisdom of "practical men," scorned the plea for compassion, and "doomed with dreadful words to swift destruction the whole race of birds." The result of the slaughter was a plague of insects which made Killingworth "a desert without leaf or shade." The farmers were wiser than some people, for they were willing to be taught by experience, and in the spring that followed the blight

A wagon overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

Longfellow with a poet's skill mingles his plea for the birds with a pretty love-story of the schoolmaster and the "fair Almira," who shares his humanitarian sentiments.

Was it fact or fiction—this story of the slaughter of the birds being followed by a dire plague of insects? The poet sent the following letter, which, beside putting the matter in its true light, is interesting as showing his sympathy with those who deprecate the senseless slaughter that goes on daily of so many bright and beautiful creatures:

Portland, July 11, 1881.

Dear Sir:

Your letter has been forwarded to me at this place, and I am glad to give you the information you desire, in regard to the "Birds of Killingworth."

The poem is founded on fact. Killingworth is a farming town, on Long Island Sound, in the State of Connecticut.

Some years ago there was an animated debate in the State Legislature, and the birds were doomed, as stated in the poem.

Of course, the details of the poem are my own invention, but it has substantial foundation of fact.

I sincerely sympathize with you in your exertions on behalf of the birds. In Elihu Burritt's "Foot Excursion from London to Land's End" there is a beautiful description of the place of a gentleman in Cornwall, who was a great friend and protector of birds. I think it would please you to read it.—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Please excuse me not writing with my own hand; my eyes are a little out of order.

The information given in the poet's letter is more explicit than that contained in the note to the "Riverside Edition," which must now be regarded as the definitive and authoritative issue of the poet's works. The editors say:

Killingworth in Connecticut was named from the English town Kenilworth in Warwickshire, and had the same orthography in early records. Sixty or seventy years ago, according to Sir Henry Hull, writing from personal recollections, "the men of the Northern part did yearly in the Spring choose two leaders, and then the two sides were formed; the side that got beaten should pay the bills. Their special game was the hawk, the owl, the crow, the blackbird, and any other bird supposed to be mischievous to the corn. Some years each would bring them in by the bushel. This was followed up for only a few years, for birds began to grow scarce." The story based upon some such slight suggestion was Mr. Longfellow's own invention (vol. vi., pp. 262-263).

The passage in Burritt's book to which Longfellow directs attention is a notable one; in it the "Learned Blacksmith" describes a visit he made in company with John Harris, the "Miner Poet," to the home of the "Bird-Friend of Tregedna." This landowner was a lover of trees and birds. Avoiding the use of either snares or cages, he had won the confidence and companionship of the birds. "He has proved by the happiest illustration," says Burritt, "that any one with the law of kindness in his heart, on his tongue, and in his hand, may have the most intimate fellowship of these sweet singers, and their best songs from morning till night, without the help of snares or cages." Mr. Fox would call the birds to their breakfast by a whistle, "and they would come out of the thick, green leaves of the grove and patter, twitter, and flutter around and over his feet." The Bird-Friend of Tregedna was the uncle of that charming Quakeress, Caroline Fox.

As the postscript indicates, Longfellow's letter is written by an amanuensis, but the signature is in the well-known and characteristic handwriting of the poet. The letter was written in July, while he was on a visit to his native place. He returned to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where the greater part of his life had been spent, and in the following March America had to lament, by his death, the loss of a leader in literature, a man whose purity of spirit is reflected in his verse, and whose words have been an inspiration to many and in many lands. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Southport, England.

A SUGGESTED MEANING FOR "BELIE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to suggest a new meaning, or rather an old meaning, for the word "belie" in that passage of Shakespeare which in the Folio reads as follows:

What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states,
Maids, matrons; nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.
—Cymbeline, III. iv., 38.

The traditional sense that is given for the word in this passage is: "to fill with lies," this interpretation having, apparently, been first offered by Johnson, and taken from him by the other dictionaries as follows:

In Johnson (1755): To fill with lies. This seems to be its meaning here:

'Tis slander . . . whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world.

In Webster (1828): To fill with lies.

Slander doth belie all corners of the world.
—Shak.

In "Century Dictionary" (1889): To fill with lies.

'Tis slander, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. —Shak.

In "Oxford English Dictionary" (1887): To fill with lies. Obs. Rare.

To avoid this forced sense of the word Vaughan changed the Folio punctuation to make the passage read as follows:

What shall I need to draw my sword? The paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie—
All corners of the world—kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons; nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

Vaughan paraphrases this as follows:

Whose language is borne on the fleet winds, and, at every corner of the world, belies kings, queens, and persons of highest dignity, and both maid and matron: nay, this viperous slander wounds even the dead.

Dowden, in his edition (published since 1902) adopts the punctuation and meaning of Vaughan (mentioning this fact in a footnote); but takes no notice of the older traditional interpretation of the word.

I query whether the real meaning of the word "belie" in this passage in Shakespeare is not, "to encompass, surround, or beleaguer." The "Oxford English Dictionary" gives another word "belie" from Old English *be-licgan*, defining it as follows: "To lie around, encompass. Specif., to lie with an army round, to beleaguer." If we take Shakespeare's word "belie" in this sense, the Folio reading makes perfect sense; indeed, it seems to me far better sense, than the proposed interpretation of Vaughan. Murray's citations under "belie" come down as late as 1627, and one of them from Lydgate is as follows:

1430 Lydg. Chron. Troy III. xxiv. Dimmed with skyes roule . . . with tempest all be-layne.

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Here the context is such as to fit very well with the figurative use of the same word by Shakespeare, who might be paraphrased as saying: "The breath of slander belies the whole world like a tempest." It is extraordinary, however, that this sense should not have been proposed, at least, before, especially since the word "belie" with this meaning is given also in the "Century Dictionary" as follows: "To lie around; encompass; especially, to lie around, as an army; beleaguer."

The aptness of the sense which I propose is so apparent that I believe it is certainly the one intended by Shakespeare, notwithstanding the fact that Shakespearean critics have not (so far as I know) proposed it.

F. STURGES ALLEN.

Springfield, Mass., April 2.

CLOSING THE READING ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A notice was posted a few days ago in the British Museum, to the effect that, for purpose of renovation, the reading-room would be closed on April 15. It was *hoped* that it would be reopened on October 31. Word having gone about that there would be very limited accommodation for those who could show just cause why they should have special privileges, I —probably in common with every other reader, past, present, and prospective in London—at once applied by letter and backed up the application in person. On asking whether steps had been taken to notify the American reading public of the curtailment of accommodation in the reading-room, I was told that nothing of the sort has been done. The young gentleman in charge looked extremely unhappy, and said that he realized keenly what this curtailment would mean to many people in the United States, while to the people at the Museum it would mean the buzzing of angry Americans about the office all summer long. He thought possibly the American press would copy the paragraphs on the subject which had appeared in some of the London papers. Possibly they will; but it seems to me worth while to give some more formal notice to the many American students who go to London every summer largely for the purpose of utilizing the facilities for research offered by the British Museum. It is painful to think of all the school teachers, college professors, and writers of every degree, who at this moment are preparing to spend their holidays in London with this end in view.

The special accommodation is very limited, and so many applications have been made already that the space must soon be filled. It would be quite unsafe for any one to come over on the chance of finding accommodation. Those who mean to come should apply at once to the director of the British Museum, giving full particulars about the work they mean to do, its urgency and importance, and stating how many days a week they would need to use the reading-room. Perhaps you will befriend the writing fraternity by calling attention to these facts.

MARIA H. LANSDALE.

Chelsea, London, S. W., March 24.

THE AMERICAN FISHERY QUESTION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* has always advocated friendly relations between the United States and the British North American colonies. It was pleasant to notice that you warmly praised the Hon. Elihu Root for his recent statesmanlike and enlightened speeches on the subject during his visit to Canada, and that his views were supported by the whole American press. One must, however, notice that the genial Secretary of State, while enjoying the hospitality of the Dominion, is a very different individual from the same official penning dispatches to the British Government about the fishery question in Newfoundland. All former American ministers from Secretary Marcy's time have instructed their masters of vessels when visiting the British colonies to behave themselves properly and to be specially careful not to violate any of the local laws or regulations. Mr. Root takes quite a different line: he claims for his countrymen that they are not bound to respect the revenue laws of Newfoundland, or to pay light dues, or to respect the colonial fishery regulations.

The authority of Newfoundland in such matters is so obvious that I will not trouble you with any lengthy discussion on the subject. Every civilized Government has the inherent right to protect its revenue from smugglers, and where a common fishery is operated within its control, it has also absolute authority to make regulations to prevent the injury or destruction of such an industry. These rules, I admit, must be just and reasonable, and there must be no discrimination in carrying them out. Our fishery laws are made for one purpose, and one purpose only—to prevent waste and the destruction of the fishery. The action of the combined British and American Governments was to give Gloucester a new privilege—the right to ship natives for the herring fishery—not contained in the convention of Ghent and in opposition to the firm protests of the colonial ministry. How consistent does this kind of conduct appear when contrasted with the secretary's friendly and liberal speeches at Ottawa!

It is a very unpleasant thing to state, but every intelligent man in Newfoundland has come to the conclusion from bitter experience, that no fair treatment of this colony will ever be obtained from the American Government either by reason or argument. Our only weapon is pressure. The results so far of the policy of retaliation are eminently satisfactory to the islanders. The Gloucester fishermen, through want of their usual supply of bait from Newfoundland, have made a wretched voyage. Cod was never so scarce or so dear, and in consequence the islanders have the highest prices for their produce known within the last thirty years. The result has been to put thousands and thousands of dollars in the pockets of the Newfoundlanders and to make every American pay double prices for his fish. The New England deep-sea fishery is an almost moribund, decaying industry, as the figures I give below will clearly show. Every year Gloucester finds it more difficult to get men for the fishery. Voyages are so poor that colonials won't engage with them. As I have shown in former letters, the supply of salt water fish in the States is about one-quarter of the supply in England. British fishermen are flourishing, yours are decaying. It is the veritable *reductio ad absurdum* of protection to tax food and to make the whole American people eat dear fish for the sake of "Lodge's smugglers." In 1895 the retaliation policy began, note the results in the figures given below:

Catch of cod on the Grand and Western Banks (from the Boston Fish Bureau):

	Quintals.		Quintals.
1880	300,990	1883	578,735
1881	355,640	1905	140,040
1882	474,078	1906	142,465

D. W. PROWSE.

St. Johns, Newfoundland, March 19.

Notes.

The *Psychological Review* plans to issue a new series of "Philosophical Monographs" similar to the "Psychological Monographs of the *Psychological Review*" already published. Manuscripts and inquiries should be addressed to Prof. J. Mark Baldwin of Johns Hopkins University.

The University of Chicago Press will soon have ready a book by Camillo von Klenze, professor of German in Brown University, called "The Interpretation of Italy during the Last Two Centuries: a Contribution to the Study of Goethe's 'Italienische Reise.'"

L. C. Page & Co. announce a new edition in leather of C. G. D. Roberts's "New York Nocturnes."

Some time in May the J. B. Lippincott Co. will publish a new Italian romance by Antonio Fogazzaro.

Two new volumes of the Dent-Putnam Classiques Français contain, one "Le Barbier de Séville" and "Le Mariage de Figaro" of Beaumarchais, with a preface by Jules Claretie, the other "Lettres Choisies de Madame de Sévigné," with preface by Charles Boreux. The Beaumarchais seems particularly appropriate in its light form and green-and-gold cover. We observe that the Mme. de Sévigné, though supplied with sufficient notes, is unprovided with any general survey of the persons of Louis XIV.'s court—a serious omission for the ordinary reader.

As soon as the copyright on Alfred de Musset expires, in May, the Société du Mercure de France will publish a selection of his work in its "Collection des plus belles Pages." It will also bring out his "Correspondance," edited by Léon Séché, and including a number of new letters.

Jules Lemaître's study of "Jean Jacques Rousseau" is now published by Calmann Lévy.

"Fireside and Sunshine" is the title of a new volume containing nineteen essays by E. V. Lucas (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Eleven of these essays have been reprinted, sometimes with additions and amendments from Mr. Lucas's "Domesticities," 1900. This writing is in Mr. Lucas's well-known vein—agreeable, vivacious, with bits of interesting observation of men, women, and beasts, and with touches of gentle humor. The matter, however, is rather thin, good enough for a casual contribution to the London *Outlook* or *Country Gentleman*, but

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much of it hardly worth preservation in permanent form.

The first volume in the Large Print Library, started by Doubleday, Page & Co., is that story of perennial interest, Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights." There is a brief introduction by Jean N. McIlwraith, and a bibliography of the more important books and essays relating to the Brontë sisters. This series is well named, for the type is large and clear, the paper thick and firm. What is more, the price is only 90 cents. The market is flooded with cheap reprints of varying excellence, but in most of them the type is rather small. The present volume is so attractive that we hope the publishers may be encouraged to continue the series.

It is hard to make a flat failure of an outdoor book, but still harder to make it a distinguished success. "Hunting Big Game with Gun and Kodak," by William S. Thomas (G. P. Putnam's Sons), comes some distance from either extreme. Mr. Thomas gives his readers ample variety, hunting the bighorn and grizzly in British Columbia, the caribou and moose in New Brunswick and Quebec, and deer in Virginia and Mexico. Of course he has a camera, in the use of which he hardly appears as an expert, though he has secured some remarkably fine pictures. On his last trip he announces a final revulsion against the deadly gun, and starts for the big game of interior Canada with the camera as his only weapon. That extreme is better than the other, though it is not to be forgotten that the moderate sportsman is generally the most persistent and effective advocate of game protection. Mr. Thomas is not given to the typical hunter's yarn, but one doubts the invariable accuracy of his memory, when he tells of entering a little mining town "in the wee small hours," making all arrangements for starting bright and early in the morning, and then going out to spend the evening in sightseeing, after which diversion a season was spent in getting acquainted with a motley crowd of characters, who had drifted into the bar-room in the meanwhile. One wonders what kind of hours people keep there.

"My Life as an Indian," by J. W. Schultz, is made up of a series of articles in *Forest and Stream*, where they appeared under the title of "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet." Bird Grinnell prefaces the little volume by saying: "It is a true history and not romance, yet abounds in romantic incident. In its absolute truthfulness lies its value." This statement we can but endorse, abiding by the assurance given, that it is not fiction. The author is not, like many, ashamed of acknowledging that he is a "squaw man"; and he also shows how unfair it is in many instances to attach to that term condemnation or ridicule. Through the straightforward and unaffected manner in which he pictures his life the reader learns more about the nature of the Indians among whom Mr. Schultz has lived than in the most elaborate scientific treatises. More books of the kind would be useful additions to our Indian literature. Scientific dissections of Indian customs give no adequate idea of the people who practise them, and fiction is mostly written by such as have no practical acquaintance with the subject. Only when one has lived among Indians for long periods and identified himself thoroughly with their mode of thinking, can he portray them with sufficient fidelity. The illustrations are good.

The first number of Vol. XXII. of the Modern Language Association's publications contains a paper on "Jean Paul Friedrich Richter and E. T. A. Hoffmann: A Study in the Relations of Jean Paul to Romanticism," by Robert Herndon Fife. After an Introduction, recalling the charge frequently made by historians and by Richter himself, to the anger of Hoffmann, that Hoffmann had stolen from Richter the best of what he had produced, the author discusses the personal relations and references of the two men, compares Jean Paul's bizarre figures and Hoffmann's Kreisler, and points out several minor motives common to both writers. He also emphasizes their similar irony and shows how Hoffmann caught something of the bombastic style of Richter. Then he comes to the conclusion that, while Goethe, Rousseau, Schiller, and others, besides the Romanticists, may be held responsible for many traits in Hoffmann, "in his youth and early manhood, perhaps until he began his official career at Posen, Jean Paul exercised a considerable influence on Hoffmann, not merely in sentimental moments, but in the formation of his satirical-ironical note as well"; and that this influence continued, now weak, now strong, during the remainder of his life. Other papers in the volume are: "The Sources and Mediæval Versions of the Peace-Fable," by H. Carrington Lancaster; "The Development of John Dryden's Literary Criticism," by William E. Bohn; "Italian Prototypes of the Masque and Dumb Show," by John W. Cunliffe, and "The Sege of Troye," by Nathaniel E. Griffin.

Those who care for out-of-the-way knowledge will be interested in M. Longworth Dames's "Popular Poetry of the Baloches," the Folklore Society's publication for 1905. Balochi, a speech akin to Persian, has never had any literature in the true sense of the word; its poetry has been handed down orally, and, indeed, was not known to exist until 1840, when Lieut. Leech published some specimens in the *Journal of Asiatic Studies* (Bengal). Even then it attracted but little notice, and with one exception there was no further attempt to reduce it to writing until 1875, when M. Dames began the collection printed in this volume. He transcribed and translated a number of ballads and verses, some as old as the sixteenth century, some of the present day in the northern variety of Balochi, *i. e.*, in the language spoken in the country stretching from the Bolan Pass and the Kachh Gandava to the plains on the right bank of the Indus in northern Sindh and the South Punjab. These poems, nearly all of which are intended to be sung, he classifies under the heads of heroic ballads on the wars and settlements of the Baloches, more recent ballads dealing mainly with the wars of tribes now existing, romantic ballads, love songs and lyrics, religious and didactic poems, and lullabies, rhymed riddles, etc. Unlike similar compositions in Afghanistan and Mohammedan India, these show little or no traces of the influence of Persian versification with its artificial arrangement in divans and its pedantic prosody. All the poems, whatever their length, consist simply of a number of lines of uniform quantitative metre with or without rhyme. As in form, so in substance they are simple and direct; the pictures of life and country are faithful and vivid, and the characters of the actors in the different scenes are made to stand out clearly. Along with his own renderings into English, the compiler has printed the texts from which they are made, and by so doing has doubled the value of the work. A limited number of copies may be had of David Nutt, Nos. 57-59 Long Acre, London.

Students of the relations of the Mohammedans of northwestern Africa to the local governments and of the question of the possibility of a Pan-Islamic uprising may be interested in the announcement that a group of young Mussulmans have begun the publication in French of an organ entitled *Le Tunisien*, devoted especially to educational reforms among the native population.

An important contribution to modern history (already announced in our letter from Paris, printed February 28) is "Rome et Napoléon III." (Colin, Paris), by Professor Bourgeois and E. Clermont, with a preface by Gabriel Monod. The thesis is that the Roman question, opened at the very beginning of Louis Napoleon's Presidency, and closed within a few days of Sedan, was the permanent source of weakness in the policy of the Second Empire. M. Clermont deals with the first episode, the expedition of Oudinot, and the mission of Ferdinand de Lesseps in 1849; he has little that is new to offer, and his estimate of the documents he sets out is not weighty. Professor Bourgeois deals far more authoritatively with the later period, which centres about the negotiations of France, Italy, and Austria during the period 1868-70. He is perhaps rather inclined to emphasize the Roman question, and to lose sight of the fact which always dominated Beust's attitude, that the reorganization of the Austrian army could not be completed before 1872. Beust's inner motives are extremely difficult to fathom, and will repay further study. The whole question may also well await the publication of Ollivier's next three volumes, and of the diplomatic correspondence which the French Government has just turned over to be edited by a committee of which Professor Bourgeois is one of the members. A more competent investigator could not have been selected.

The object of Capt. d'Ollone in his "La Chine Novatrice et Guerrière" (Colin: Paris) is to show that the regeneration of China is perhaps not so dangerous to the political equilibrium of the world as it appears at first sight. Taking a broad survey of Chinese history as a whole, and of the developments of the last few years, he concludes that the power of the Manchu dynasty is precarious, and that the death of the Empress Dowager will probably be followed by a dismemberment of the Empire.

One of the private secretaries of Maximilian has published reminiscences of the days of the Empire in Mexico that will deserve a passing notice from students of that phase of history. The work is entitled

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"Maximiliano Intimo. El Emperador Maximiliano y su Corte," por José Luis Blasio (Paris and Mexico: Bouret). Many of the personal details which fill its 478 pages are frivolous or impertinent, and some violations of good taste and propriety (as regards the marital life of Maximilian and Carlota) are to be noted. Mingled with the gossip, however, is considerable matter of interest, though nothing of any great historical value that is new.

Lieut. Neushler of the German army has published (Berlin: Mittler & Sohn) a bilingual English and German Military Dictionary. We cannot think that he has fully employed his opportunities, inasmuch as a 16mo volume of some 250 odd pages must of necessity fail to do justice to the richness of the German military vocabulary, and similarly 230 pages is hardly enough for the English-German part. A simple test of a few minutes suffices to show that the book is almost worthless in certain departments. We can, however, honestly praise Capt. Oscar Klinecksieck's German-English-French "Technisches und Tägliches Lexikon" (Berlin: Boll und Pickardt), of whose ultimate seventeen parts, nine (pages 1 to 432) lie before us. While addressed chiefly to the needs of officers and officials of the army and of the navy, commercial as well as war, and to the needs indeed of all government functionaries, yet the scope of the work is such that we may fairly assert it to be of general reference. Some idea of its range may be formed from the word *Anker*, for example, which occupies nearly six closely printed pages, as against barely a column (one-third of a page) in Sachs-Villatte. *Bahn* has three and a half pages; apparently every item of railway service falling legitimately under this rubric has been included. Entries under a single head, if numerous, are classified. We note as a defect that the gender, plural, etc., of German words are not indicated; genders are, however, as a rule given in the case of the French equivalents. The dictionary has a wide field of usefulness, part of it virgin.

In a paper read at a recent monthly meeting of the Library Association of England, and now published in the *Library Association Record*, E. A. Baker, librarian of one of the borough libraries of London, and author of "Guide to the Best Fiction," makes the general charge that English municipal libraries not only pander too much to the habit of reading fiction, but that in their supply of fiction their standard is lamentably low. The criticism is based mainly on statistics gathered from twenty-one large libraries in different parts of the kingdom showing the number of books on the shelves by each of thirty-seven authors. For convenience he divides these authors into three groups: the first comprising eleven authors whose works, he asserts, should be in every library; the second including twelve authors whom he designates as "popular mediocrities, only the best of whose books a rate-supported library should buy"; the third comprising fourteen authors whose works he regards as quite below the standard of admissibility to any municipal library. The returns show a total of 2,655 books by authors of the first group, 10,148 by authors of the second, and 5,199 by authors of the third. Coming down to individual authors, Mr. Baker says:

The greatest living English novelist has a total of 390 volumes in these libraries against Miss Braddon's total of 2,296, or an average per library of 19 against her 109; of the greatest French novelist, Balzac, there are 426 volumes in these libraries, while such authors as Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Worboise are represented by 1,903 and 1,617 respectively.

To the statement that these figures are but a reflection of the public taste, Mr. Baker replies, that this taste has been largely formed by the material given it in the public libraries; and that libraries are not formed to *reflect* public taste, but to *mould* and *guide* it. In this respect, he maintains, the library should occupy the same position as the museum and art gallery. These institutions, he urges, are also "managed for the public good and by the will of the people, but their curators do not fill their cases and adorn their walls with such exhibitions as would create the biggest sensation or draw the largest crowd."

Recent paragraphs and letters from the *Nation* bearing on the "open shelf" problem, are printed in the *Library Journal*, with a brief discussion of the question. The editor takes the ground that, in order to reach a final decision, there should be known, for a considerable number of the leading libraries whose shelves are open, the following facts: The annual losses proportionate to the use and circulation, before access to shelves was granted; the same figures for several successive years after that time; the proportion of the books reported lost at the end of the year that are later found or accounted for; and the proportion of loss from the children's department. Similar figures should be supplied from libraries whose shelves are closed.

The correspondence and memoirs of the late Constantine Petrovitch Pobiedonostseff, formerly procurator general of the Holy Synod, have, according to a St. Petersburg dispatch, been deposited under seal in the Rumiantseff Historical Museum of Moscow. His will directs that they be published at the end of ten years. The papers include extensive correspondence with the last three Emperors, with whom M. Pobiedonostseff was on most intimate terms; letters from many prominent statesmen of the old régime, and a series of letters from the daughter of the poet Tutcheff, one of the court ladies, which, it is reported, will throw intimate light on hitherto obscure court intrigues.

Swinburne celebrated on April 5 his seventieth birthday. According to dispatches from London, he is engaged on a tragedy, with Cæsar Borgia as a subject.

The Rev. Malcolm Maccoll, canon of Ripon Cathedral, England, who died Friday night, was one of the most active writers on controversial topics in the Church of England. Born in Scotland in 1838, he was educated at Edinburgh and at Trinity College, Glenalmond. Soon after taking holy orders he was appointed chaplain to the British embassy in St. Petersburg. Returning to England, he became curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, in 1864; but, resigning in 1867, he went to southern Italy, where he spent two years in the study of theology, literature, and foreign politics. In 1871 he became rector of St. George's, Botolph Lane, London, a post which afforded him leisure for writing and engaging in public affairs. In 1884 he was appointed a canon residentiary of Ripon. Always an enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Gladstone, he wrote, over the pen name, "Scrutator," a treatise, "Mr. Gladstone and Oxford," in 1865. Three years later he published a pamphlet entitled, "Is There Not a Cause?" on the subject of disestablishment in Ireland. A man with strong convictions on many subjects, he wrote pamphlets and books on such varied topics as "Science and Prayer," "The Oberammergau Passion Play," "Who Is Responsible for the [Franco-German] War?" "The Damnatory Clauses of the Athanasian Creed Rationally Explained," "Reasons for Home Rule," "Lawlessness, Sacerdotalism, and Ritualism," "The Education Question and the Liberal Party," and "Life Here and Hereafter." He made a special study of Mohammedanism as a theocratic system of government, fatal, he contended, to moral and intellectual development. He was a zealous agitator in behalf of the Armenians. Among his published works relating to this topic were, "The Eastern Question: Its Facts and Fallacies"; "Three Years of the Eastern Question," "England's Responsibility Toward Armenia," and "The Sultan and the Powers." He was a constant contributor to reviews, magazines, and newspapers.

Numa Pompilio Llona, poet laureate of Ecuador, and a diplomat, died at Guayaquil April 5. He was born at Guayaquil in 1832, the son of Dr. José Leocadia Llona, one of the leaders in the movement for independence. After study in Colombia and Peru, he received at the age of twenty-one the degree of doctor of laws. Among the positions which he held in the next three decades were those of professor of æsthetics and literature at the University of Lima, and consul-general to Spain and to Italy. In 1883 he returned to his native country and was chosen rector of the University of Guayaquil, director of the School of Fine Arts at Quito, and finally envoy extraordinary to Colombia. He lived, however, at Guayaquil, where he had married, as his second wife, Lastenia Larriva, a poetess of Peru. Among his own poems were "Cantos Americanos," Paris, 1865; "Nuevas poesías y escritos en prosa," Geneva, 1870; "Noche de dolor en las montañas," 1872; "Clamores del Occidente," 4 vols., Lima, 1881-1882, and "Estela de una vida," Paris, 1893.

MODERN BIOGRAPHY.

Studies in Biography. By Sir Spencer Walpole. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

We welcome these essays, reprinted from the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and *New Reviews*, not only for their intrinsic merits, but because they are a sign of that trend towards biography which is needed for the enriching of historical studies in general. Sir Spencer gives us serious studies of the following eight men, all of whom, except Gibbon and Shaftesbury, played great parts in nineteenth century statesmanship: Sir Robert Peel, Cobden, Disraeli, Dufferin, Gibbon, Bismarck, Napoleon III., and Lord Shaftesbury. There is probably no one in

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England to-day who could write as authoritatively as he does on such a list of men, because he has, what most Englishmen lack, an intimate knowledge of Continental politics and personages since 1815. So he is able to deal with Napoleon III. and Bismarck as satisfactorily as with Cobden and Disraeli. What strikes us at once is the fulness of his knowledge: he knows not only the official document and the printed speech, but the anecdote which reveals character or the little play of human nature which, though but a feather's weight in the balance, yet sometimes determines a crisis. Next to this ample erudition is his fairness. Even when treating English party themes, which for most Englishmen still bristle with prejudice, he is no partisan. Himself a Liberal of the great school, he yet does justice to Disraeli; without hero-worship, he shows Cobden's greatness; he treats Peel's different phases with equal sympathy, and gives to Dufferin and Shaftesbury, two secondary but important men, their due. We pass from portrait to portrait with the assurance that the features are life-like and the work honest. Sir Spencer never avails himself of the portrait-painter's license of posing his subject in a telling light, or of dressing him in rich-hued apparel; he has neither Rembrandt glooms nor Titian glows; he can say, like Cobden, "I never perorate": and so we read him as trustingly as we look at a series of portraits by Sustermans.

The most remarkable essay in his volume is that devoted to Disraeli. It gives a fine character-sketch, and should be read with Mr. Bryce's less elaborate study. Walpole limits himself chiefly to Disraeli's parliamentary and political career, with frequent telling quotations from the flashy novels, to show his insincerity, his shallowness, his cynicism, his selfishness, his wit. He does not try to explain why such a man—a Jew by race, an adventurer in politics, a cynic and scoffer as to religion, an upstart in society, should become the idol of the great English Conservative party, with its Anglicanism, its cant, its distrust of innovations, its worship of pedigrees and titles, and its John Bull aversion to foreigners.

Three-fourths of Sir Spencer's essay on Gibbon is biographical, summarizing the latest versions of the famous autobiography; at the end, it touches on the "Decline and Fall," to which it does justice. The final passage, in which the essayist describes Gibbon's narrative as a "stately river" "replenished by many tributaries," has itself the stateliness of the palmy days of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*.

We cannot appraise, even briefly, the other papers, but we must call particular attention to the "Bismarck" and the "Napoleon III." The former is altogether the most satisfactory analysis in English of the Iron Chancellor's work as empire-builder. The Danish Question, the Hohenzollern candidature, the doctored Ems dispatch, are treated very clearly; so are the leading traits of Bismarck's character. We only regret that Sir Spencer did not lengthen his essay in order to include a summary of Bismarck's home career between 1871 and 1890. That is a theme that needs to be handled. Everybody now acknowledges Bismarck's achievement in setting Germany at the head of Europe, but his reputation as a constructive statesman has steadily waned—whether justly or not, we wish Walpole had told us. The general impression left by reading the study of Napoleon III. is that Walpole inclines to regard him less as a villain than as a well-meaning *Schwärmer*, who took to villany without scruple when his well-intended beneficence did not produce the results he expected: so we have heard of doting widowers who console themselves with drink. "Yet we must not forget," says Sir Spencer in a memorable passage, "that, from first to last, the story of the Empire is a story of crime, and that the story of the Emperor is the story of a conspirator. Through plot and counterplot he made his way to the throne; through plot and counterplot he moved to the Italian war, which was the commencement of his downfall; through plot and counterplot he drifted into the final struggle which ended at Sedan. His idea of statesmanship was intrigue; like the mole, he burrowed underground. Like the mole, his course was so tortuous, and so concealed, that those who were nearest to him were frequently unable to see whither he was trending." Interesting to reader and student alike is Sir Spencer's survey of the principal episodes in the conspirator-mole's tortuous career; for the latest French sources have been carefully explored, and they are supplemented by the special knowledge which Sir Spencer acquired as the biographer of Lord John Russell.

For a sympathetic study of a great philanthropist we commend the essay on Lord Shaftesbury—a personage as typically English as Disraeli was alien. On the biographical side it is further interesting, because it combines more of the private life with the public than suited the treatment of most of the other subjects. Such a book makes us wonder why it is that Americans who can write do not produce biographical essays like these. Is it because our magazines and reviews have become so *journalized*, in their effort to compete in sensations and novelties with the daily press, that they discourage possible contributors of the Walpole class?

CURRENT FICTION.

The Ministry of David Baldwin. By Henry Thomas Colestock. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The author designates his book a novel, but he would be better justified in calling it a novel once or twice removed. There is a hero, it is true (the minister), and an understudy for a heroine, his wife, together with many accessory characters; and there are conspiracy, dilemma, and death. If these do not make a novel, what would? It is perhaps as nearly one as can be fashioned out of a mere plea for the newer thought in the pulpit and the pews.

David Baldwin is a graduate from a Western divinity school, where the professors are all higher critics and the students more or less under suspicion of doctrinal unsoundness. Nevertheless, a Minnesota parish, languishing under long "candidating," finally compromises on David, and he is installed. There follow the annals of the difficulties that assail a modern minister in his first charge, who having most of his congregation with him, has to confront the opposition of a few champions of orthodoxy. Nothing so revolutionary as overt Unitarianism is advocated by David, nor anything quite so specific. His offence is a fondness for "the new thought" and an adherence to the higher criticism, distrust of "the older positions," and advocacy of the "newer conceptions," seldom particularized, but occasionally taking form, as in the matter of doctrine touching the Virgin Birth. There is calm and tolerant consideration of this and a few other points of belief, and various showings of the temptation to suppress the unpopular message, however it may burn within.

The story part of the book derives its sustenance from diaconal differences, scenes at the parsonage and at the various parish firesides. Of these the most congenial to David and his wife was that of the Stewarts, a large family of churchgoers, who brought home reports of the sermons to the mother, she having sustained a "partial loss of the use of her left leg."

A Crystal Age. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is the second edition of a book published in the eighties, as we gather from the author's preface. Of another book of Mr. Hudson's, "The Purple Land," E. V. Lucas makes one of his characters speak as "the nearest modern thing to Borrow that I know . . . the real thing." To compare him to Borrow is to seize Mr. Hudson's quality. To survey his field in the present story—a forecasting of a world that shall succeed this one—is to think of Wells. And if one can imagine a Borrow treatment of a Wells theme one may obtain a hint of the high fantasticalness of "A Crystal Age." To-day has shrivelled to an ignominious past. It has been a sacrifice to humanity's mad thirst for knowledge of good and evil; to the shameless searching into the secrets of nature; to learning gained by hands dipped in blood, "seeking in the living tissues of animals for the hidden springs of life." In gaining unsanctioned knowledge men have lost the higher faculty of discrimination; their riches have made them poorer, and the end has been death.

One Smith of Great Britain loses consciousness through a fall and wakes to find himself in a crystal age in a community of delicately organized human beings with senses of exquisite keenness and souls of crystal purity. The British gold in Smith's age-old pockets proves as ludicrously useless as ever did Robinson Crusoe's be-kicked lump. Only by a year's ploughing and tree-felling can he replace his primeval Scotch tweeds with the beautiful, decorated garments of the period. But industrial questions are only incidentally introduced. The likeness to Wells vanishes, giving way to a vision of a world not over-populated, noise-hating, beauty-loving. There is no guile or falsehood, there is intimacy with all that is good, enthusiasm for all that is lovely; tenderness for beasts, horror of the ugly. The cloud on Smith's horizon is the strange fact that warmer than fraternal love is unknown. The passion that he conceives for a daughter of "The House" brings him

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against a blank wall of incomprehension. For the perfecting of the race it has come about that its renewal is vouchsafed only to elect mortals who must be fitted for their high office by a sacred training. A cryptic catastrophe ends the story, leaving the reader free to suppose anything.

Like most stories of the impossible future it contains its touches of the credible among the prevailing absurdities and the occasional touch of the tiresome amid many fascinations. Unlike most, it has the ring of genuine poetry, the zeal of the open-air, kinship with beauty of all sorts, and a relieving glint of humor.

The Story of Bawn. By Katharine Tynan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A blameless little Irish story this, pleasantly situated at equal removes from politics and potheen. It is gratifying to find that though the motor car has glided in, the family secrets and family ghosts have not glided out. There is a pretty setting of Irish landscape, an amiable villain, a piquant heroine, a lover forty years old with white hair and black mustache, and there is the most delightful Irish precipitancy about the leading love affair. A good book for those readers who like their novels to be chronicles of the heart rather than of soul problems, finance, machinery, or economics.

Frank Brown: Sea Apprentice. By Frank T. Bullen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

There is no longer hope that Mr. Bullen will add anything fresh to what he has already written of his sea experience and sea-lore. "The Cruise of the Cachalot," and "The Log of a Sea-waif" were spontaneous narratives of personal experience; even their tendency to rhetorical sentiment was acceptable as a token of the writer's ingenuousness. In "The Idyls of the Sea" the tendency had become a habit; a literary intention also became manifest, and side by side with it a leaning toward evangelical exhortation. The present book is pretty frankly a tract written for boys who have the sea-craving. It is a random patchwork of selected adventures, lessons in seamanship, criticism of the methods of captains, owners, and marine boards, and pious moralizing. Incidentally, Mr. Bullen has repeated occasion to express his dislike for America and Americans. It is to be hoped that his pictures of brutality on board Yankee ships, and of lawlessness in Yankee ports, are overdrawn, at least so far as they may be supposed to apply to present conditions. "Frank Brown" has little or no merit as literature; and as a tract it may prove to contain certain bits of sea description and language little likely to commend it to parental or other censorship.

Vittoria Colonna: With Some Account of Her Friends and Her Times. By Maud F. Jerrold. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

On Vittoria Colonna so much has been written that whoever wrote one more book was in duty bound to surpass all predecessors. Although of late few or no fresh documents have been brought to light, Mrs. Jerrold might have ransacked *das ganze beweisende Material* and gone deeper into the relations of well-known facts; but her very preface conveys a disappointing impression as to the spirit in which she conceived and carried on her work:

> It must always be with diffidence that anyone puts forth a volume on such a well-worn epoch as that of the Renaissance, and this must be doubly felt in the case of a work like the present, which makes no claim to any sort of an original research, but is simply a selection of materials more or less generally accessible.

This is an unconscious expression of dilettantism at its worst. If dilettantism includes a love of knowledge picked up at random, with only an intermittent reverence for facts, this book on Vittoria Colonna is a dilettante book. Mrs. Jerrold's bibliography contains no mention of various essential accessible works: Mazzone's "Vittoria Colonna e il suo canzoniere" (1900), Tacchi-Venturi's "Vittoria-Colonna fautrice della riforma cattolica secondo alcune lettere inedite" (1901); Raczynski's "Les arts en Portugal"—a work which devotes 77 pages to the relations of Vittoria and Michelangelo; and Morpurgo's "Vittoria Colonna," a review of which by Renier is wrongly cited, though the biography itself is not mentioned. These are a few examples to prove that the author was far from careful in research. Mrs. Jerrold indicates her sources only when she is quoting some personage described in her book.

In the 317 pages of this volume hardly once do we get a clear vision of Vittoria, or feel the unity of her life. Through crudely interpolated biographies of her contemporaries and clouds of uninteresting generalities she emerges ever and anon, pallid and ill-discerned, like the moon on a murky night. And so with the portraits of other characters. Michelangelo, for example, cannot be resuscitated with platitudes about friendship (pp. 119-120, 137), yet the whole chapter on his friendship with the poetess is fairly padded with platitudes, or with generalizations that do not strike home.

Though Mrs. Jerrold's prose is often marred by anacolutha, her verses are almost invariably equal in charm and style to the originals which they so faithfully translate. In a word, Mrs. Jerrold is a gifted translator, and it is to her that we owe better renderings of some of the best poems of Bernardo Tasso, Giovanni Guidiccioni, Veronica Gambara, Gaspara Stampa, and of Vittoria Colonna than had ever before been made in English verse. *Perchè . . . serbi* (p. 132) is rendered as if it were *perchè . . . serba*, but the mistake is too slight to mar the good effect of this particular translation.

Lord Milner's Work in South Africa: From Its Commencement in 1897 to the Peace of Vereeniging in 1902. By W. Basil Worsfold. With Portraits and Map. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. viii., 620. $4.50 net.

Mr. Worsfold's appreciation of Lord Milner brings the reader into contact with the high commissioner at his desk when cables and telegrams are being decoded; shows Lord Milner on the railroad train in some of his journeys between Cape Town and Johannesburg; and also at the telephone at Johannesburg when Lord Kitchener, after the conference of the representatives of the Boer commandoes at Vereeniging, is reporting that the result is to be peace. The intense loyalty, admiration, and intimacy that characterize the book all suggest a devoted private secretary, intent on setting his chief to the best advantage before the world. Yet clearly Mr. Worsfold was not associated with Lord Milner in that capacity during the most momentous period of the high commissioner's career; for although he is familiar with South African conditions and displays a knowledge of them that none but a resident could have acquired, there is a statement in the preface that he was in South Africa, first in the neighborhood of Cape Town, in 1883-85; and again—this time in Johannesburg—in 1904-5. Although the volume is marked by this intimacy, there is nowhere anything of the trivially personal. The book is on a high level, but it is all admiration of Lord Milner.

The South African section begins with the banquet at which Lord Milner was entertained in London, March 28, 1897, on the eve of his departure for Cape Town; and the narrative of the high commissioner's work first at Cape Town, and later at Pretoria and Johannesburg, is carried down to the final surrender of the Boers at Vereeniging, on May 31, 1902. In these five years, according to Mr. Worsfold, Lord Milner was always and on every occasion a great and far-sighted statesman. Every dispatch he sent to Joseph Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, is a proof of his statesmanship. If Mr. Worsfold's book should long remain the only exhaustive study of Lord Milner's South African career, the impression might be left that the high commissioner did not take a single step or utter a single word that he himself would now like to recall, during his admittedly trying and anxious years at Cape Town, Pretoria, and Johannesburg. Here and there the admission is made that Lord Milner wrote a dispatch or made a speech at white heat; but Mr. Worsfold always finds justification for these ebullitions of feeling. This attitude is as marked when Mr. Worsfold is tracing the abortive negotiations which preceded the Boer ultimatum of October 9, 1899, as when he is narrating the work of reconstruction. Every step of Lord Milner at this later stage is followed in detail. Much stress is laid on his efforts to prepare the way for a large British immigration into the new colonies; but there is no explanation of the failure of this part of the scheme.

After what has been said as to Mr. Worsfold's admiration of Lord Milner, it is almost unnecessary to indicate his attitude towards the war. In brief he holds that the Boers had shown themselves utterly unworthy of the administrative autonomy conferred on the Transvaal and the Free State by Great Britain, and judged by the laws of war they were saved from the alternative of physical annihilation or abject submission by the almost quixotic generosity of the enemy. As might be expected, Mr. Worsfold is strong in his condemnation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, John Morley, James Bryce, Lord Courtney, and other Liberal leaders for their utter-

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ances, especially during the guerrilla stages of the war; but even to a student of the history of recent South African politics whose sympathies were with these Liberal leaders Mr. Worsfold's work is not without value. Its importance lies in the state papers and documents on which he has so largely drawn; and especially the letters and telegrams which fell into the possession of the Military Intelligence Department of the British army at Bloemfontein and at Roos Senekal, when the Boer Government laager was captured by Sir Bindon Blood. These documents go far to substantiate the contention of the British population in Cape Colony and Natal that Kruger and the Boers long aimed at dislodging Great Britain from South Africa, and that in negotiating with Lord Milner their only intention was to gain time until they were quite ready to enter on this tremendous undertaking.

Die Metaphysik Avicennas: Enthaltend die Metaphysik, Theologie, Kosmologie und Ethik. Uebersethzt und Erläutert von M. Horten. Halle und New York: Rudolf Haupt.

The place of Avicenna in the history of philosophy is important, not because he marked an advance or created a single new idea but because, in the first place, he gathered up with astounding industry and learning the entire science of his age; and, in the second place, expressed it in such adequate and intelligible form that his encyclopædic treatises dominated European thought until the seventeenth century and still dominate the Muslim world. We might go even further and say that they have more than an historical value for us. They suggest the possible future of some philosophical ideas of our own time, such as, in the broad, pragmatism. That the system formulated by Avicenna led in al-Ghazzali's hands to a quasi-pragmatic position seems clear. Its after fate is also clear. Whether our pragmatism may look to that same fate must lie with the future. But a very pretty argument might be built up to prove that the pragmatic method lay at the root of all the dry rot and inanition of the Muslim civilization. It is, then, somewhat astonishing that we have so little access to Avicenna's works. Mediæval Europe knew him far more fully if only in queer Latin versions. But the printed texts of his hundred books could be counted on the fingers; and still fewer, and short and unimportant, are the translations into European languages. Modern discussions of his system, too, whether by De Boer or De Vaux or Munk or in the encyclopædias, show plainly this lack of material.

All the more welcome, then, is the present undertaking by Dr. Horten of the University of Bonn. He is preparing a complete Arabic edition of Avicenna's principal encyclopædic work, the *Shifâ*, to be accompanied by a German translation and commentary. This is the first *Lieferung* of the translation and commentary—and cuts into the middle of the work in order to begin with the part of greatest general interest. Whether there is to be a continuation will depend, naturally, upon the success of the first parts. But that the work should be completed there can be no question and, complete or incomplete, it should find a place in every library interested in the history of philosophy. Without the Arabic text the translation cannot be criticised in detail, but it is certainly a careful and solid piece of work. Dr. Horten has the additional advantage that he knows thoroughly his Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas, the two most important keys to Avicenna. We wish him all success to his long labor. For magnitude it should really be undertaken by an Academy of Sciences at Cairo or Damascus or Teheran; but such things are not in the East. Was it pragmatism that saw to that?

Science.

Experimental Evolution. By T. Hunt Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

Several weeks ago in the columns of the *Nation*, in a résumé of recent scientific work, reference was made to the dominating influence of the experimental method in almost all departments of botany and zoölogy. Professor Morgan is the first clearly to embody the more important results obtained in zoölogy from this method of research as contrasted with the descriptive and historical. The author long ago won his spurs in this field, through his unrivalled researches in the phenomena of regeneration; and he has now proved himself a master of compilation—selecting the most significant experiments carried on in various countries, weighing them fairly, and summing up with a conservatism which is perhaps the most valuable feature of the book. The thoroughness and lucidity of the work make it serve three distinct purposes: the intelligent layman without any previous knowledge of the subject may read and appreciate any part of it; the student of experimental zoölogy will find it a veritable *vade mecum;* and the advanced scientist will be glad to refer to the generous summaries of literature relating to each subject.

There is much original matter, in spite of the space necessarily given to compilation. After treating the changes arising from external influences, Professor Morgan considers the inheritance of these changes. Upon the ever-disputed questions of the inheritance of acquired characters, telegony, and xenia, his verdict, as may be conjectured from the present state of our knowledge, is "not proven." He allots no fewer than five chapters to "experimental hybridizing," an indication of the importance of this phase of the new science. Among his other topics are cross-fertilization, inbreeding, and the theory of evolution. The author admits that "so many questions are still unsettled that any conclusion drawn from the evidence that we now possess must be provisional and perhaps premature." The conclusions which he draws are, however, almost wholly on the side of the theory of mutation as opposed to natural selection in the restricted sense. He says significantly: "*On the mutation theory, selection destroys species; it does not originate them.*" Chapters detailing experiments upon growth, regeneration, grafting, and the life-cycles of animals and on the determination of sex and the secondary sexual characters, complete the volume. Such phrases as "It is surprising that no experimental proof of this kind has been furnished" are of frequent occurrence, and are of more directive and stimulative value to the student than any amount of the thin speculation and theory with which too many of our text-books abound.

Two minor criticisms relate to the make-up of the volume. The illustrations of moths and butterflies are confusedly numbered, there being no distinction between the numeral which relates to the illustration as a whole and the designation of each insect. The most serious defect is in the index, which is all too scant for such a mass of diverse subject matter. The index might well be three times as large.

Ad-Damiri's Hayat al-hayawan (a Zoölogical Lexicon). Translated by Lieut.-Col. A. S. G. Jayakar. Vol. I. London: Luzac & Co.

Fleischer has recorded somewhere that one of his scientific colleagues never met him without saying "Kazwini!"—an admonition to translate the great cosmography of that Arabic author. Unhappily Fleischer was too much occupied with grammar and lexicon to heed this, and had besides the too common idea that Kazwini could not be worth translating because he was often so far from scientific fact. Folklore and the admission that whatever men have once believed is worth knowing were still in the future, and Kazwini is still untranslated except for a small part.

It is from this latter point of view, then, that the still more important "Life of Animals" by Damiri is of interest to us. No one, certainly, will ever go to it for zoological information, even as to the forms of life of the desert. Its Cairene author—he was born there in 1344—was a student and professor of religious traditions and canon law, and probably had as little direct knowledge of the desert, though he made the pilgrimage several times, as he evidently had of natural history. His object was to write a dictionary of animal names, adding to the philological an encyclopædic element. He first explains the occurrences of each animal in the Koran and the religious traditions; secondly, the lawfulness of the use of the animal in every way; thirdly, the proverbs in which it is mentioned; fourthly, the medicinal use of its different parts; fifthly, its meaning when it appears in dream. But all this is so overlaid, illuminated and obscured, by a mass of comment, edifying and unedifying—verses, stories, jests, pious legends, witty replies, talismans, and charms—hanging often on the merest verbal thread of allusion; that it is the veriest sheep's-head of literature for a fine, confused, mixed feeding. Even in "Tristram Shandy" there is probably no such case of divagation as when our author, under the rubric *Goose*, and starting from a tradition that geese hissed in the face of Ali just before he was assassinated, wanders off into fifty-one large quarto pages of history of the Caliphs and supreme rulers down to his own time, showing that every sixth had been deposed or assassinated. Then he returns and takes up *Goose* again.

So Col. Jayakar could hardly have done a

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better piece of work for folk-lore in general, and especially for our knowledge of Muslim ideas and attitudes of mind than this translation of Damiri's great encyclopædia. There is no question that the crying need in Arabic study at the present day is translations rather than texts. The Oriental presses are publishing texts in an abundance with which European editors can never compete. The necessary thing is to convince the Western public that there is anything in these texts worth reading. Just as the "Sacred Books of the East" increased interest in the Indian religions a hundred-fold, and practically created the science of comparative religion, so it is for Arabists to make clear that there is the great civilization of Islam awaiting our intelligent attention. That will be greatly helped by such a book as this. The translation is literal often to clumsiness and even obscurity, and would be greatly improved by sub-editing; but it is very exact, and the translator's general scholarship seems excellent. May he be able to complete this translation and then turn and take up Kazwini!

"Recent Progress in the Study of Variation, Heredity, and Evolution," by Robert Heath Lock (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is another addition to the lengthening list of volumes, both German and English, which are intended to give a sweeping review of the evolution of the doctrine of evolution. This new work is written from a strictly British point of view, but it has not the all-saving grace of presenting the old facts in a new way. The theory of mutation and biometry occupy the major part of the new volume, while such phases of evolution as mimicry and parallelism are dismissed with a paragraph or two. The method of treatment is not encouraging to the average layman, who would not get far beyond the first chapter. The subjects and their facts are well arranged, but are set forth with a heaviness of diction which makes it difficult for any one, except a biologist already familiar with the subject, properly to correlate the facts as he reads. There is a glossary, but the general reader has less need of definitions of *albino* and *botany*, than of such terms as *heterozygote* and *allelomorph*, even if the latter are explained somewhere in the three hundred pages. The sphere of usefulness of this volume will be among senior biological students rather than among either advanced scientists or general readers.

The paper of greatest interest to American readers in Petermann's *Mitteilungen*, No. 2, is Prof. H. Erdmann's discussion of the problem of the Colorado River, intended as a contribution to the history of salt lakes and steppes. He prefaces it with a reference to the changes of the Mansfeld salt lake in Prussia in 1892, and closes with an appeal to American naturalists to devote themselves to a study of the remarkable changes in California. "Would it not be in the highest degree blameworthy," he says, "if this rare, perhaps never recurring opportunity, should pass without the collection of an exhaustive mass of observations of such important alterations of the earth's surface?" Dr. R. Hermann contributes a history of the negotiations between England and Germany during the years 1885-1906 in regard to the northwestern boundary of Kamerun, in Africa. This peaceful method, in which the interests of the people most concerned were the determining factors, is contrasted with the old-time method of settling boundaries by force of arms. Professor Höck, who has for many years been collecting facts in regard to the distribution of the flora of northern Germany, publishes the first of a series of papers on this subject, which is largely devoted to a list of trees and plants. It is accompanied by a map, as are the other articles.

The scientific work of the Philippine Government is centralized in one laboratory, and the various divisions are combined under the Bureau of Science. The report of the director, Dr. Paul C. Freer, shows 70,562 examinations of various sorts (biological and bacteriological examinations, chemical analyses, and assays) made during the year ending August 1, 1906. The average of monthly examinations in these various branches of Government service is about 3,000, but during a threatened epidemic of bubonic plague in April, May, and June of 1906 some 40,000 post-mortems were performed on rats. After four or five years of effort to exterminate locusts by propagating a fungus disease among them, the attempt has been abandoned, proving unsuccessful, as it did also in South Africa. On the other hand, considerable success has been obtained in immunizing cattle to rinderpest by means of a serum, and the demand for this serum increases from many parts of the archipelago. Results of cholera vaccination in Bilibid prison had been wholly favorable up to the time of making this report. Some inoculations had also been attempted in neighboring provincial towns. In Angat, Bulakan province, 1,078 individuals (one-sixth of the population) were inoculated; of 122 cases of cholera occurring subsequently, only one case occurred among the persons inoculated. It is stated:

It is the opinion of all who have been actively concerned with this work in the bureau that the method best adapted to limit or to eradicate endemic cholera in any country is by vaccination, just as smallpox has been limited by similar means. That vaccination will entirely remove cholera from a given country is not to be supposed, any more than that smallpox vaccination has accomplished the same end with the disease against which it is practised, but vaccination against cholera would certainly remove the danger of extended epidemics, just as has been the case with smallpox, and consequently it would remove the necessity for a burdensome and costly quarantine and for many other disagreeable sanitary measures.

George Otis Smith is to be director of the United States Geological Survey, to succeed Charles C. Walcott, who has been appointed head of the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Smith was born in Hodgedon, Me., in 1871, received his bachelor's degree from Colby College in 1893, his master's degree in 1896; and in the same year a Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins. For nearly fifteen years he has been engaged in geological work, and his reports have been published by the United States Geological Survey.

The professors of the National Museum of Natural History at Paris have issued an appeal to naturalists of all countries for subscriptions to a fund for erecting in the Jardin des Plantes a monument in honor of Lamarck. Professor Joubin, 55, Rue de Buffon, Paris, is secretary.

The death of Dr. Xavier Galezowski, an oculist of European reputation, is reported from Paris. He was born in Poland in 1833, and he received his degree of doctor of medicine at St. Petersburg in 1858. He wrote a large number of treatises on his specialty. A son, Jean Galezowski, is also a distinguished oculist.

Drama.

Prof. Julius Goebel's edition of the First Part of Goethe's "Faust" (Henry Holt & Co.) is a worthy successor and a welcome supplement to the edition of Goethe's drama by Calvin Thomas, which we commended in these columns some ten years ago. The merit of Thomas's introduction and commentary consisted in this: that here for the first time there were presented to English readers, by a scholar of good sense and keen discrimination, the results of German philological criticism of "Faust" in the preceding thirty years. Professor Goebel, while equally well versed in philological research, brings to his task a faculty which cannot be said to be Professor Thomas's strong point: the power of poetic and philosophical appreciation. His edition is a decided help toward a just valuation of the artistic significance and the spiritual import of Goethe's masterpiece; and if his comments are not always final or thoroughly convincing, they certainly always betray originality of thought and often open up new views. The most striking contribution, perhaps, made by Professor Goebel in this edition to the fundamental problems of "Faust" exegesis consists in his attempt to prove a direct connection between Goethe's early "Faust" conception and Neoplatonism. Whether the verbal coincidences between certain scenes in the "Urfaust" and certain passages in Iamblichus's "De Mysteriis" are indeed incontrovertible evidence that Goethe had studied this philosopher, as Professor Goebel insists, may be open to reasonable doubt. But this does not diminish the service done by Professor Goebel in having brought out more clearly than any of his predecessors the inner affinity between the religious atmosphere of the Pietist circles in the Frankfurt of Goethe's youth and Neoplatonic ideas handed down to them through Italian humanists. Altogether, this edition of "Faust" is a credit to American scholarship and an important step in the development of sound methods in the academic study of German literature.

In the last few months several well-known Norwegian and Danish actors have arrived in this country. They have finally banded together and obtained Ole Bang, the Norwegian dramatist and interpreter of Ibsen's works, to form a stock company to play in Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, and some other cities. They will produce works by leading Scandinavian writers.

The secretary of the English Drama Society announces the intention of the organization to establish a "Théâtre Libre" in London, beginning with a short season in May, which, if successful, will be continued in the autumn. It is hoped

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that because of the comparative smallness of the expenses—the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater, will be the home of the enterprise—the society may escape the fate of other "literary theatres" in England. "Cleopatra in Judæa," by Arthur Symons, will be produced, with "The Hour," a play in three acts, by Nugent Monck. These will be followed by Browning's "Pippa Passes," Ibsen's "The Master Builder," and Shakespeare's "King Lear." Each play will be given for six evening performances and two matinées.

Music.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. III., M.—P., New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

In comparing the new edition of Grove's musical dictionary with the corresponding volumes in the first edition, one notes with interest the new names that have been added; for they constitute a convenient index of progress during the last quarter of a century. The new volume iii., which begins with Maas and ends with Pyne, includes, for the first time, the names of MacDowell, Mahler, Mancinelli, Mascagni, Millöcker, Napravnik, Paderewski, Paine, Parker, Pierné, and Puccini among the composers; while to the list of singers and conductors have been added the names of Mallinger, Malten, Maurel, Mottl, Nevada, Nikisch, Nordica. Considering that this is only one of five volumes, this list is not discouraging, although, to be sure, there is a decided anti-climax when we compare this period with the seventeen years from 1797 to 1813, during which were born eight of the greatest composers: Schubert, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Verdi, and Wagner.

Among the other subjects, newly introduced in volume iii., are Military Sounds and Signals, New York Musical Societies, and Negro Music of the United States. Altogether, the space has been expanded by over one-fifth, and the editor and his associates have almost invariably done their work well, thus making "Grove," more than ever, a necessity to every amateur and student. Of the subjects treated with special care and fulness, we may mention Mendelssohn, Mozart, Opera, Organ, Oratorio, Pianoforte, Pianoforte Playing, and Programme Music. The space originally assigned to Mendelssohn now seems absurdly disproportionate to his deserts; yet Grove's article was so admirable a specimen of biography and appreciative criticism that it would have been little short of a crime to shorten it; the present editor, in fact, did not hesitate to lengthen it still further, by asking F. G. Edwards to add the new matter bearing on Mendelssohn which has in the meantime come to light. The article on Oratorio takes up no fewer than 72 columns, all but 12 of which are new—by Dr. Ernest Walker, who seems hardly in place in a dictionary; like a bull in a china shop, he smashes everybody's favorite crockery. Handel fares almost as badly as Liszt, and as for England's pride, the choral societies, he informs them that in 999 performances out of a thousand Handel's directions are blandly and totally ignored. There will doubtless be much angry protest when the contents of this slashing article become known.

Two American composers—MacDowell and Paine—are honored with full-page portraits, and are treated sympathetically by H. E. Krehbiel, who naturally dwells particularly on MacDowell's Indian suite. The author of the article on American negro music, Frank Kidson, sums up his conclusions in these words:

> The modern "coon," or "plantation," songs, and the popular form of syncopation called "rag-time," are all easily to be traced to their source in the older negro songs, which . . . are probably to be regarded as European in melodic origin, translated into rhythms that have been handed down from the generation of slaves who actually came from Africa.

Mistakes will occur in the best-edited dictionaries. On p. 732, C. P. E. Bach's "Versuch über die wahre Art das Clavier zu spielen" masquerades as "Versuch über *das* wahre Art *den* Clavier zu spielen." Quite inexcusable is the acceptance as a fact of newspaper gossip (p. 390) concerning Mme. Nordica's alleged "third marriage."

Special interest attaches to a concert to be given at Mendelssohn Hall on Wednesday evening, April 17, by Mr. Lhévinne in behalf of the MacDowell fund. He will play three of MacDowell's pieces, three by Rubinstein, a Brahms sonata (F minor), and Chopin's Allegro de Concert.

Notwithstanding the presence of Puccini, Wagner came out ahead in the number of performances at the Metropolitan Opera House this season. His operas were heard 24 times, Puccini's 21. Verdi's figure was 11, Gounod's 9, Humperdinck's 8, Berlioz's 5, Donizetti's 5, Leoncavallo's 4, Giordano's 4. Delibes and Flotow had 3 each, Meyerbeer 2, Bizet, Mascagni, and R. Strauss 1 each. Taken by nationality, the Italians (Puccini, Verdi, Donizetti, Leoncavallo, Giordano, Mascagni) had 46 performances; the Germans (Wagner, Humperdinck, Meyerbeer, Flotow, Strauss) had 37; and the French (Gounod, Berlioz, Delibes, Bizet) had 18.

The Bonn Festival will be held May 5 to 9. The Joachim Quartet and the Carl Halir Trio, with Ernst von Dohnanyi as pianist, will appear, and vocal music will be contributed by the De Jong Quartet from Berlin. Schubert's chamber music is to be largely drawn upon this year, but the fourth day of the festival will be devoted entirely to Beethoven, and the third to Brahms—that being the anniversary of his death. A selection from the quartets of Haydn and Mozart will also be heard. At Munich a Mozart festival will be held August 1 to 11; and a Wagner festival August 12 to September 14. Among the singers to be heard at the latter are Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Knote, Burrian, Kraus, Burgstaller, and Van Rooy.

A German philosopher once called architecture frozen music. This was fanciful, but not nearly so baseless as the disposition of professional musicians to make the architectural, or structural, part of music the sole test of greatness. The greatest living composer, Edvard Grieg, has suffered much from this critical ineptitude. Concerning Chopin, W. H. Hadow wrote not long ago that he "can claim no place among the few greatest masters of the world," because "in structure he is a child, playing with a few simple types." Even if this were true, which it is far from being, it would not prove Mr. Hadow's point, for no master ever exceeded Chopin in the power of creating absolutely new melodies, new rhythmic combinations, new harmonic progressions and modulations, which are the real test of musical genius. Structure can be taught—many second and third-class composers are masters of musical architecture—but the creating of new melodies no one can teach or learn. Now comes Prof. Edward Dickinson, in the current number of the *Musician*, and declares that we must deny Schubert "the higher constructive power" and "confess that this defect must forever forbid him a place in the shining rank of the greatest artists." As a matter of fact, Schubert was too emotional, too poetic, to write "frozen music" of the architectural, sky-scraper kind. But if his last two symphonies are somewhat free and rambling, this does not alter the fact that in melodic and rhythmic originality they at least equal Beethoven's, while they surpass those in beauty of orchestration and novelty of modulation. Beethoven's sonatas for piano are better than Schubert's, not so much for structural reasons as because there are more good ideas in them. Schubert reserved his best thoughts for his songs, in which he created almost every possible variety of form—perfect in construction—and his short pianoforte pieces, which Rubinstein deemed even more unfathomable manifestations of genius than the songs, and which were the precursors of all the short pieces of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms. Schubert was the first to introduce the Hungarian element into art-music; he created the Vienna waltz; he was the most spontaneous melodist that ever lived, and his harmonic system, as Dr. Riemann has said, contains the roots of not only Schumann, but Liszt. How insignificant a detail that "higher constructive power" seems compared with all these traits of supreme greatness.

Désirée d'Artot-Padilla, one of the most famous of European light sopranos, has died in Paris. She was the daughter of Jean Désirée d'Artot Monsagney of the well known French musical family. Born in Paris in 1835, she made her début at the age of twenty-one in Brussels in concert. Later she sang in opera, and was for several years at the Paris Opera House. She travelled as a star through Europe, and was especially popular in Germany and Russia. She sang all the lighter soprano rôles, and was one of the teachers of Mme. Sembrich in répertoire and mise-en-scène. She married José Padilla, the Spanish barytone.

Art.

A Manual of Historic Ornament. Prepared for the Use of Students and Craftsmen, by Richard Glazier. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

This is a large, thin octavo, crowded with

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little pictures in line, and occasionally giving solid black backgrounds to relieve the patterns. For a book devoted avowedly to "ornament" there is an unexpected amount of care and thoughtful analysis given to architecture in the larger sense of construction, disposition, and ordonnance. This is seen also in the illustrations; for the whole façade of the Palazzo Strozzi, of the Palazzo Vendramini, and of many others are given, the whole east front of the Parthenon as restored, a great Roman triumphal arch, and large details of many important buildings. Still, of the six hundred little pictures, more or less, the greater number are devoted to ornament in the more usual sense of the word. Objects are included which are wholly decorative, such as pottery and glass vessels of Roman and of Venetian design, Chinese porcelains, plates and vases, and the sculpture of architectural work in wood and cut stone.

Such pictures and their accompanying text would be of great use if they could be thoroughly systematized or made accessible by complete and minute indices. In the present case there is no index of consequence—three pages of reference to the leading subjects and the chief monuments described, and that is all. On this account one doubts the practical utility of the book, and imagines that the student of more thoughtful character would be better served by a book of more narrow scope and of greater thoroughness. As for general accuracy, it is probable that no such compact treatise can be found free of rash statements and unjustifiable use of familiar terms. The margins of our copy are marked with pencil corrections, but they are too numerous even to hint at here. Still the general tendency of the book is to be praised; and the author's knowledge of the many subjects treated proves in almost every case sufficient.

If the printers would procure a new font of type, with accents on the capital letters for French and Italian words, much blundering by youthful students would be saved. To have a familiar kind of enamel described as CHAMPLEVE in one line is not wholly set right by the appearance of the word with an accent on the final *e*, three lines below. In this and in other such ways there would be perhaps several hundred errors to correct if one were to prepare a revised edition.

The latest number of George Newnes's series of The Master Etchers is devoted to the work of William Strang, A.R.A. While we cannot agree with the author of the text, Frank Newbolt, that Mr. Strang's portrait heads surpass those of Van Dyck, or that many of his designs are as perfect as Mr. Newbolt thinks them, yet there is no doubt that Mr. Strang is an etcher and engraver of a pronounced individuality and great technical power, and that the best of his plates are extremely effective. The poorer ones, such as the early Manoah's Offering, have a mechanical cross-hatch that is distressing, and his figure drawing sometimes sinks from its usual characteristic and wilful ugliness to sheer feebleness. On the other hand it occasionally rises to something suggestive, or reminiscent, of Millet's austere beauty. His handling of needle and acid, or rocker and scraper, one takes to be really masterful.

Amian L. Champneys's "Public Libraries" (London: B. T. Batsford) is the first comprehensive handbook on library architecture in the English language. As such it will supply a want that has long been felt, as well by architects as by all those concerned with the building and management of libraries. The book contains all the most modern examples and ideas and deals exhaustively with every detail. Of the fourteen chapters which go to make it up the first is introductory, ii.—xi. relate to materials and construction, installation and apparatus, fittings and furniture, and the various rooms required in public libraries, while the remaining three deal with preliminary considerations, finance, choice of site, etc., and the general principles of public library design in regard both to planning and to æsthetic treatment. In addition to two appendices with lists of the acts of Parliament affecting public libraries, there is an excellent index. The book contains 200 pages with more than 100 illustrations.

Osvald Sirén's important study, "Don Lorenzo Monaco" (Strassburg: Heitz, 54 plates), comes late to our notice, and we cannot give it the space it merits. This young Swedish critic, whose work appears in German, has brought out admirably both the technical and æsthetic qualities of the greatest of the transitional painters at the opening of the Quattrocento. Pointing out the essential differences between Florentine and Sienese painting in the fourteenth century—the city of the Virgin seeking decorative harmony and mystical expressiveness, while the city of the Baptist sought representative draughtsmanship, tangible effectiveness, and corresponding simplicity and directness of emotion—Sirén shows how Lorenzo Monaco combines in a manner the ideals of both schools. By deliberate study of the Sienese he renovated the Giottesque tradition which had been both staled and distorted by the followers of Angelo Gaddi. Thus the Camaldolite monk gained a personal style, in which harmony of line—calligraphy in the nobler sense—counted for much; intimacy and exquisiteness of emotion for more. We can take exception only to the author's attempt to show that after all Don Lorenzo was in the main current of Florentine development. In spite of his widespread influence one could hardly concede that. His manner is personal and isolated; his roots, where discernible, in the Byzantine past. His manner repeats itself in larger and more significant fashion in the later work of Botticelli. A similar passion for rhythmical line, a kindred introspective spirit, and a like mystical mood produce analogous results. One will recall, too, that Botticelli had also served his turn with the realists; in other words, made a conscious refusal of their manner in favor of one both more archaic and singularly personal. In fact, before both these artists, one is driven to such remote but spiritually genuine parallels as that of the priestly school of Japan in its best estate. These are some of the considerations that Sirén raises in this learned and enjoyable work. It is one of the few recent productions of the neo-Morellians that would repay translation into English. Finally, it is a distinction, as things go today, for so young a scholar to have written so big a book without indulging in unamiable or scornful expressions towards his predecessors and contemporaries.

The heightening of the Assuan dam sufficiently to raise the level of the water twenty-three feet will no doubt be injurious to the antiquities of the neighborhood. All possible means, however, are to be employed to minimize this injury. The temples flooded will be strengthened; a thorough archæological survey of Nubia, in which the principal archæological societies are invited to coöperate, will be undertaken at the expense of the Government; and minute records will be made of every ruin between Wady Halfa and Assuan. Moreover, there is ample time to make their survey a thorough one, since the raising of the dam will probably take six years.

Among the dealers' shows in this city are paintings of horses and dogs by William J. Hays at Powell's, till April 13; paintings by Rockwell Kent at Clausen's, April 13; portraits by old masters at Ehrich's, April 13; recent pictures by Henry Golden Dearth, Julius Oehme's, April 15; pictures in oil, pastel, and water color by Mathilde de Cordoba, Louis Katz's, April 15; eighth annual exhibition of the American Society of Miniature Painters, Knoedler & Co.'s, April 20; mezzotints from the royal collection formerly at Windsor Castle, at H. Wunderlich & Co.'s; American paintings and Dutch water colors at C. Klackner's.

The death is announced from Brussels of Félix Cogen, the Belgian historical painter. He was born in 1838, and he ultimately became director of the Normal School of Art of Saint-Josse-ten-Moode. He frequently exhibited at the Paris Salon; his picture in 1905 was Le Dernier Séjour d'Érasme à Bâle en 1535; and in 1906, Louis XVI. et Saint François.

Finance.

The Nature of Capital and Income. By Irving Fisher. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

In this volume Professor Fisher has worked out with his usual care and precision the theory of capital and income which has engaged his attention for at least ten years. He has been considerate enough to relegate to appendices the formidable apparatus of mathematical diagrams, formulas, and demonstrations, which accompanied some of his earlier articles in various periodicals, and has here set forth the essentials of his doctrine in a form that will not repel the non-mathematical reader. In point of thorough workmanship and nice finish, the volume stands in refreshing contrast to much—we had almost said most—of the economic writing in these days of unlimited license to produce undigested and indigestible literature.

So workmanlike is his performance that it is with regret that we are unable to rate the work more highly as a contribution to economic theory. Wealth he defines as all "material objects owned by human beings"; capital consists of the entire "stock

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of wealth existing at an instant of time"; and income is "a flow of services" through a period of time. Having dealt with fundamental concepts, Professor Fisher proceeds to elaborate the theory of capital and income, treating at considerable length the reckoning of capital and income accounts, the summation of such accounts, and the relation of capital and income. Incidentally he is at great trouble to give a new turn to the definitions of price and value; the former being defined as the exchange ratio of a single unit of a given stock, the latter as the estimate placed upon the entire stock. This, he is persuaded, "follows closely the usage of business men and practical statisticians."

In the category of wealth Professor Fisher includes man himself, as Pareto and some others have done before him. This vagary of nomenclature has ordinarily wrought little harm, since authors have speedily forgotten it, and have not included child-bearing among the forms of productive labor or perpetrated the other absurdities to which the idea would lead if carried to its logical end. Professor Fisher, like the others, all but overlooks "human wealth" in his subsequent discussions; but in holding that all wealth existing at an instant of time is capital, he must logically consider man as capital, and must thereby confuse the theories of production and distribution beyond all remedy. In his system there can be but one factor of production—capital; and but one category in distribution—the earnings of capital, or whatever we may please to call them.

This brings us to what is, after all, the fundamental question raised by the volume: Is it logically necessary and scientifically fruitful to lump all sorts of realized wealth under the name capital, to refuse to distinguish between consumable wealth and instruments of production, and, among instruments of production, to deny that any substantial difference exists between land and what are usually called produced instruments of production? Nothing like an argument upon the subject can be undertaken in a book review, and it is difficult in the space at our command to do justice either to the skill with which Professor Fisher states his case or the weight of the countervailing objections. But in our judgment the attempt to assimilate land to the produced agents of production can be but a more or less "subtle obscuration of plain facts," as some one has well termed it. And it must be added that the more subtle and ingenious the attempt, the more we regret the misspent skill and industry of the writer.

If the traditional distinction between land and capital is "spurious," as Professor Fisher maintains, the traditional distinction between "rent as the income from land and interest as the income from capital" must disappear also; and, accordingly, our author relegates it to the scientific rubbish heap. He does Ricardo and others scant justice, however, in supposing them to be ignorant that "if we fix our attention on value return" from investments of production, the rate of return upon an investment in land is like the rate of return upon an investment in produced instruments of production. No one has ever questioned that the purchase price of land is the capitalized rent, but Ricardo and many others have maintained that the rent itself is determined by laws radically different from those governing the return received from what they called capital. The nature of the income from land, not whether the selling price shall be twenty, twenty-five, or thirty times that income, is the problem that Ricardo sought to explain; and upon that question Professor Fisher's book throws not a gleam of light.

Apart from these controverted questions the highest praise should be given to the author's discussion of capital and income accounts and of capital and income summation. There are, indeed, places where he might have omitted elementary discussion of matters of bookkeeping; but he is evidently guided by the desire to make every step of his argument plain to every reader, and in this he succeeds admirably. In the application of his theories to various economic problems, such as taxation, he is almost always interesting and helpful, and from the first page to the last retains his hold upon one's attention. Even the economists who disagree with his fundamental concepts and principles must admire the skill with which he has wrought out his arguments; while by those of his way of thinking **"Capital and Income" will, doubtless, be hailed as a masterwork.**

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Willoughby C. A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Gospel According to St. Matthew. Scribners.
Allsopp, Fred W. Twenty Years in a Newspaper Office. Little Rock, Ark.: Central Printing Co.
Avebury, Lord. On Municipal and National Trading. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Baring-Gould, S. The Tragedy of the Cæsars. Imported by Scribners. $3.75 net.
Becke, Louis. Sketches from Normandy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Bell, George F. Expressive Reading. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Bigelow, Edward F. The Spirit of Nature Study. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Boyles, Kate and Virgil. Langford of the Three Bars. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Bradley, Shelland. An American Girl In India. Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Brown, Philetus. The Lover's Club. Chicago: The Old Greek Press.
Bruce, Herbert. The Age of Schism. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Butler, Arthur Gray. Charles I.: A tragedy in five acts. Henry Frowde.
Changed Cross and Other Religious Poems. Compiled by Anson D. F. Randolph. Putnams. $1 net.
Classified Catalogue of the Carnegie Library. 2 vols. Pittsburgh.
Clayton, Dion. English Costumes. Macmillan Co. $6 net.
Coates, Everard. Signs and Portents in the Far East. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Colquhoun, Archibald R. and Ethel. The Whirlpool of Europe. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.
Conklin's Handy Manual. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Begbie, Harold. The Penalty. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Davis, M. E. M. The Prince of Silence. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Dix, Edwin Asa. Prophet's Landing. Scribners. $1.50.
Edison's Handy Encyclopedia. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Ewald, Carl. The Spider and Other Tales. Scribners. $1 net.
Ficke, Arthur Davison. The Happy Princess. Boston; Small, Maynard & Co.
Gordan, S. D. Quiet Talks on Personal Problems. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 75 cents net.
Gregg, David. Between the Testaments, or Interbiblical History. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75 cents net.
Gurdon, P. R. T. The Khasis. London: David Nutt.
Hadow, G. E., and W. H. Oxford Treasury of English Literature. Vol. II. Henry Frowde. 90 cents.
Herter, Christian A. Diagnosis of Organic Nervous Diseases. Putnams. $3 net.
History of Princeton, 1906. Edited by Charles B. Bostwick. F. P. McBreen & Co.
Ibsen's Works. Vol. IX.: Rosmersholm.—The Lady from the Sea. Scribners. $1.
Ilbert, Courtney. The Government of India. Henry Frowde. $3.40.
Johnson's Rambler. Edited by W. Hale White. Henry Frowde.
Jordan, David Starr. College and the Man. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 80 cents net.
Jowett, Benjamin. Scripture and Truth. Henry Frowde.
Kinross, Albert. Davenant. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Kropotkin, Prince. The Conquest of Bread. Putnams. $1 net.
Lovett, R. M. A Winged Victory. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
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